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DOUBLE PAGE—JAKE KILRAIN'S PUGILISTIC AND ATHLETIC TRIUMPHS

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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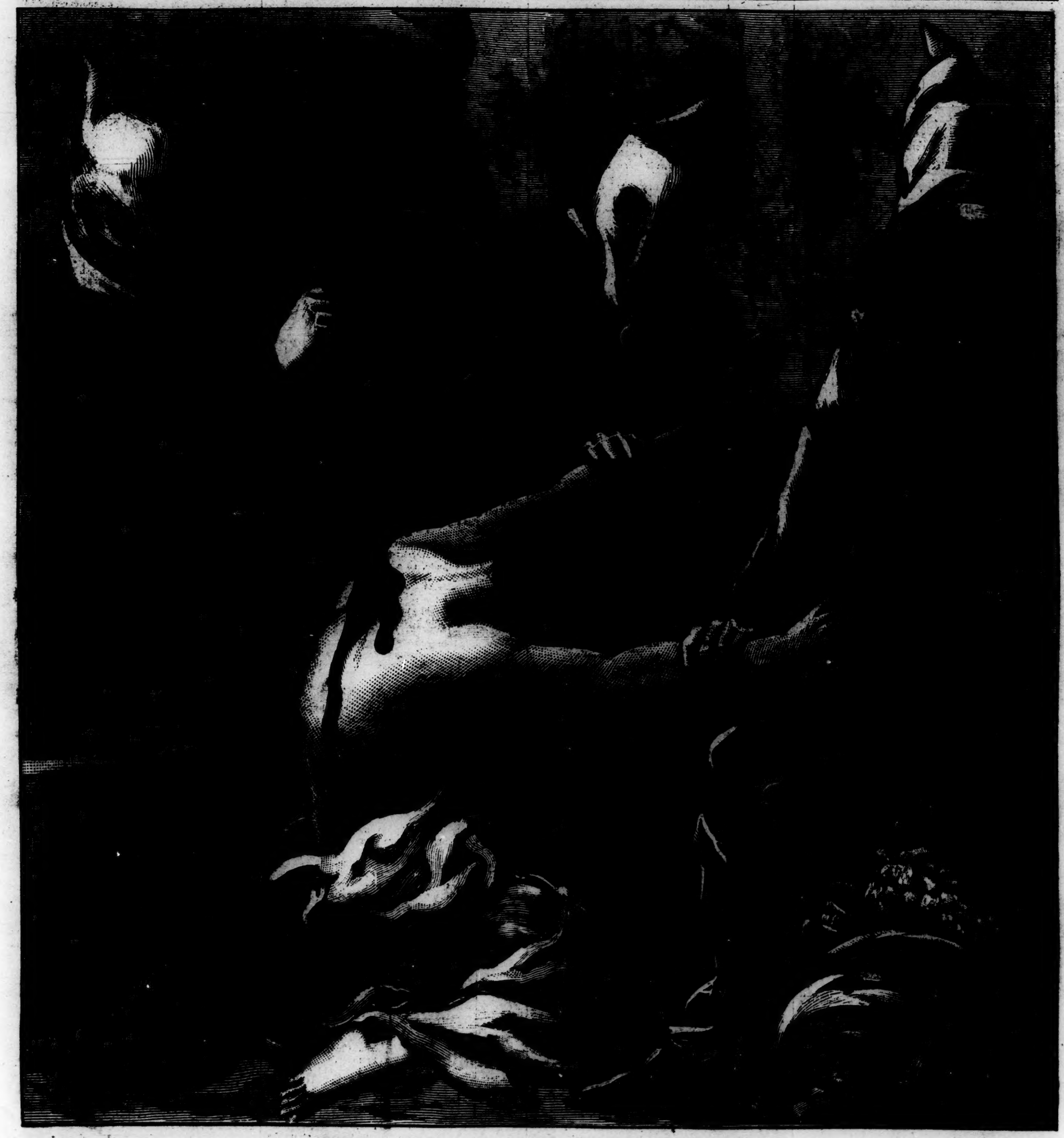

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

HOW WHITE CAPS PUNISHED THE FAIR KEEPER OF AN IMMORAL RESORT NEAR LIMA, O.

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The National POLICE GAZETTE
The Leading Illustrated Sporting Journal in America.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain. Newsdealers, booksellers, and others who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

SULLIVAN'S GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

The prospect of a fistic encounter between Jake Kilrain, the champion, and John L. Sullivan seems to be increasing, and it would not be a surprise to the sporting public if a match were ratified between these two well-known pugilists at an early day. It is said, and the statement is vouched for by reliable parties, that certain sporting men—strong adherents of the Boston boy, of course—stand ready, or at least are about ready, to put up a heavy forfeit to consummate a match between their idol and Kilrain, who is eager to negotiate for that purpose, his backer having already put up $5,000 to match him against any man in the world for the championship.

There is no doubt that if Sullivan and Kilrain were matched it would create wide-spread interest. There are probably no other two men living whom the public and the sporting fraternity of both this and other countries are so eager to see meet in the fistic arena. Although Sullivan has been losing caste at a rapid rate ever since his disastrous bout with Charley Mitchell, he still seems to have many admirers whose confidence in him is unshaken, and they are anxious to see their champion make an effort to retrieve his lost prestige and get back some of the ducats he has scattered to the winds by his dissipated habits. Hence John L. Sullivan, providing the money is put up to back him, will have an opportunity which, if he does not improve, he will never get again. He fully realizes this, evidently, as we hear that he has stopped the debauches so ruinous to his constitution, and is picking up some hard flesh, with a view probably of going into training for a match with Kilrain.

Should the Boston Boy meet the champion in the prize ring, he would unquestionably make the most desperate fight of his life. It would be no funny business, but such an effort to knock out his antagonist as he perhaps has never made before. There would be some tall slugging, and bonny Jake would have to look out for his laurels. But we have no fear on the latter's account. He would be "there" every time, and it would take much more slugging, in our opinion, than John L. is equal to, to whip the pugilist who now holds the title to the championship.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM FOR THE JERSEY BLUE COATS.

The Jersey City police are just now wrestling with a most difficult problem—one that will win them a great deal of distinction if they succeed in solving it. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to the recent attempted murder of Broker Daniel H. Bennett, who was found a few mornings ago in his residence, that city, with a wound in his head, under circumstances that leave the identity of his assailant a most perplexing mystery. There seems to be scarcely a clew for the Jersey bluecoats to base any solution upon, but they have gone to work with a will, and we would not be surprised if they were eventually able to clear up the terrible mystery surrounding this attempted assassination of a well-known business man for a motive, yet undiscovered, thus rendering the case still more perplexing.

To be sure, the old man says he was robbed, but he has not the faintest idea of how his assailant looked, and the fact that some $4 was left in his pocket makes it seem as though there is something behind which he desires to conceal, and leaves the motive for the attack on him as much in obscurity as before.

It would not surprise us if it turned out that Mr. Bennett, the victim of this strange adventure, knows more about the affair than he chooses to tell. His evident anxiety to shield his colored servant—who, by the way, seems to be a comely piece of humanity—from any suspicion in connection with the assault on him, is a queer proceeding, and who knows but that in it may lie the key to the solution surrounding this mysterious case?

ONE WHO KNOWS.

J. T. Hoskins, Phair, Tex., says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is the champion of American sporting papers."

MASKS AND FACES

Sweet Sirens' Songs---Doughty Robert Downing.

RAMBLES ROUND REED.

"Fascination" and "Kaffir Diamond."

TWELVE IN TULLE AND TIGHTS.

Kitty Klatter was as pretty a girl as you'd want to meet in half a day's walk.

She was petite, pert, piquante.

But she had one grievous fault.

I do not refer to the fact that she nightly showed a shapely leg to a mixed multitude at the High Jinks theatre with the utmost abandon.

I do not refer to the fact that she had allowed old Giddiboy to surprise her with young Setemup in a compromising situation.

I do not refer to her provoking way of making appointments with Tommy Top and then keeping them with Jack Slasher.

No, this was not the fault to which I desire to draw your attention.

Kitty Klatter habitually committed a crime greater than any one of these.

A burlesquer, Kitty Klatter posed as a singer.

An adept in kicks, she tried to beguile the neighbors into the belief that she was adept in trills.

The other day I caught her trying to sing those two beautiful new songs, "Slumber Song" and "Stray Leaf," by Stanley Cohen.

She made a pretty mess of it, I assure you.

I don't want to be too hard on Kitty; for she is but one of a class.

Most of our burlesquers nowadays can't sing.

Just run their names over in your mind and see that I am right.

You recall Urquhart's voice.

You have not forgotten Tutein's attempts.

But I'll name no names.

Ricci, I hear, had big success in Boston last week.

Laura Burt, we are told, made a hit in Toronto.

Marguerite Fish, we learn, amply replaces Ida Mulle in "Crystal Slipper," and Fanny Rice in "Nadjy," they would make us believe, is the superior singer to Marie Jansen.

All that is very fine.

But as for me, when I have listened to most of these sweet sirens' songs, I feel like whistling low and repeating to my little self the words of the Poet Keats:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

I went down to the refurbished Star last week to hear and see Robert Downing do *Spartacus*, and a pleasant hour and a half of lofty tragedy did I witness.

Downing doesn't rant as much as he used to, doesn't tear the air quite as fiercely, nor roll his eyes, nor distort his face as much as he did a couple of years ago.

He is now a fine specimen of a heroic actor, powerful in frame and voice, stately and dignified in movement, intelligent in his rendering of the lines.

He gives you clearly the conception of *Spartacus:* beneath the mail of the gladiator there beats the heart of a man.

The support was good.

Charles Herman, as *Phasarius*, pressed the star pretty closely for the honors of the night.

Mr. Herman reads his lines beautifully.

Harry Meredith, as *Crassus*, hadn't much to do but strut across the stage in a red toga and make an occasional fist at the gods.

Miss Eugenie Blair, as *Julia*, was amateurishly stagey.

Miss Helen Tracey, as *Sonona*, was unamateurishly stagey.

Both ladies were comely in their antique costumes.

The supers didn't look too much like bums from the slums.

For all of which let us be duly grateful.

There are so few heroic notes in our humdrum existence nowadays that an hour with old-school tragedy cannot but profit and elevate.

"I'll engage twenty lawyers!"

Well, Mr. Roland Reed, up there at the Bijou theatre:

well, well, you needn't hire them to plead your cause with the public.

That has already decided in your favor.

You are now a finished comedian of a certain order—not great, indeed, but very respectable.

You have risen since you dallied with "Humbug" and abounded in "Cheek," and you deserve most of the praise the critics give you.

In your impersonation of *Mr. Samuel Bundy*, the elderly gentleman who had as much trouble in getting married as most men have in getting divorced, in this eccentric impersonation you display a face as demure as that of George L. Fox, a manner as laughably angular as that of John T. Raymond, and a nose that reminds me of the nasal appendages of Mr. Francis Wilson and Mr. Sidney Drew.

Besides all this, Mr. Reed, you have surrounded yourself with a good company, and your leading lady, Miss Alice Hastings, is not on the bills simply because you like her, but because she proves every night that she can make your audience like her, too.

While Bernhardt is playing bezique with Damala in a dirty wrapper, Mrs. Potter is getting ready her gowns, and Langtry is running after Gebhard, and the Kendals are packing their trunks to come to America, and Bandmann is cussing at Mansfield; Alexandre Dumas, the gentleman who wrote world-famous "Camille," is writing a new play, directed, he says, against newspaper men.

Snap and Soak were sitting on a park bench the other afternoon discussing plays, players, playwrights and managers.

Above them the birds carolled in the early autumn foliage, around them the child maids, in white caps, flirted with the park police, on this side and that the little children hopped, skipped, jumped, ran, on the smooth, macadamized walks, amid merry shouts and laughter.

Then, after a pause, Snap asked Soak:

"By the way, what do you think of my new play?"

"A remarkable piece of work. One thing about it I consider particularly remarkable."

"What's that?"

"That Gullem, a shrewd manager, should ever have accepted it!"

They didn't speak for some time after that.

The story of "Fascination," now being boomed at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with Cora Tanner as the stellar luminary, the story of this play is trite and impossible.

Lady Madge Slashton, a robust heiress, who loves dogs, horses, hounds, sport of all kind, discovers that her cousin and intended husband, *Lord Islay*, is fascinated by *Rosa Delamere*, an adventuress of the metropolis.

She hits upon a bold device to balk him.

She resolves to dress as a swell, have herself introduced to the *Delamere*, and cut her lover out.

Cora Tanner accordingly sticks herself into men's clothes, puts on a high hat, assumes a wearied and wearisome high note drawl and an eye-glass, affects a dudesque swagger, calls herself *Charles Marlowe*, is introduced to the siren, and accomplishes her purpose.

The gay *Delamere* gives a dinner party at her house, and *Marlowe* then captures her.

There is a lot of talk, a few surprises, an insult, a few scenes.

Then the wicked lover sees the error of his ways, the woman of guile and sin promises to turn over a new leaf, the villain is handed over to the officers of the law, and the robust heiress falls in the arms of the caddish lover.

If Miss Cora Tanner has but little claim to be considered an actress, Col. Sinn is to be congratulated on the excellence of the company he has chosen to support her.

Mr. Charles Coote, as a vacuous little clergyman, *Rev. Mr. Colley*, makes the laughing hit of the play every night.

A comedian of the school of Grossmith, Mr. Coote will go far if he keeps within legitimate bounds and checks a tendency to broaden his comedy.

Miss Eleanor Carey, as *Delamere*, was as artistic as she generally is in parts of this kind—in fact, she has, in this department, no superior on our stage.

Mr. Edward Bell was a gentlemanly, if slightly caddish, *Lord Islay*, and Mr. W. F. Blande, as *Captain Vane*, gave an artistic rendering of the heavy military swell.

Mr. Lionel Bland made the rakish and hypocritical *Duke of Hurlingham* an amusing caricature of senile aristocracy, and Mr. Augustus Cooke proved himself, as *Hon. Sam Slashton*, a very manly and lovable sort of a fellow and brother.

Though Mr. P. A. Anderson never does anything badly, he did not quite come up to my idea of *La Grange*, the bogus nobleman and ex-convict.

He makes him too palpably a villain.

Such a fellow would not be tolerated five minutes in any drawing room.

Mr. Anderson makes him too noisy, and rasping, too, and his movements inspire merriment rather than fear.

His looks and manners give him away.

The foreign accent which Mr. Anderson has picked up is not quite the thing.

Let him go down to Bleecker street any day and he'll hear how the resident Frenchman wrestles with our vernacular.

Altogether, "Fascination" is stale as to plot, false as to sentiment, wrong in tendency, but interesting from a scenic point view.

I suppose that's all right, though.

We live in an age when dogs, horses, jungles, sunshines, fire engines, hay wagons are applauded quite as much on the stage as the efforts of actors, actresses, dancers or pantomimists.

Just as I came out of the theatre I caught a fragment of conversation between my old friends Van Chequer and St. Spunger.

"I say, old chappie," remarked Van Chequer, "that Devere girl, up at McCaull's, nice 'girl. Has sweetest face I ever saw."

St. Spunger stopped a moment, and quizzingly replied:

"Puts sugar into her cosmetics, I suppose?"

Fred Bryton is taking a rest until after election.

Newton Gotthold, an excellent actor, died last week.

Leila Farrell sues Nat Goodwin for $10,000 breach of promise.

Racy revelations are expected.

Minnie Lee, dark and plump, sang some songs of the day very cleverly last week.

She is a member of the Australian Novelty Company, which played at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre.

Fred Matthews did some good fantastic dancing.

Ward and Lynch caused grins and laughs.

Connors and Collin transacted some lively song-and-dance business.

When Louis Aldrich, as *Shoulders* in the melodrama, "Kaffir Diamond," stepped out on the spacious stage of the magnificent Broadway Theatre last week a big and friendly audience welcomed him.

The actor takes the part of a man who fancies he has been wronged by his wife, and who looks for the man who he supposes has wronged him.

In this mad, wild search for revenge *Shoulders* embarks for South Africa.

Baffled in his endeavors, he becomes a sot, a vagabond, an outcast, the sole denizen of a dark, noisome, poisonous, impassible swamp.

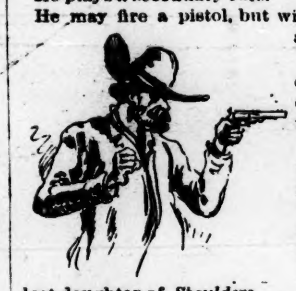
Through this pestilent and deadly morass, gorgeously reproduced by Hoyt, the swamp hermit is destined to guide his supposed foe, an officer in the army, and here he leaves him to die.

Then, by a clumsy anti-climax, when the innocence of the officer is established, *Shoulders* gets him out again.

Mr. Aldrich has no field in "Kaffir Diamond" for his undoubtedly marked histrionic gifts.

He plays a secondary role.

He may fire a pistol, but with that he'll never hit an audience.



The interest is concentered in the other characters quite as much as in him.

There is *Col. Grantley*, the supposed seducer, in love with *Mrs. Douglas*. There is *Sergeant Tim Meehan*, in love with *Madame Biff*. There is *Alice Rodney*, the long-lost daughter of *Shoulders*.

Mr. Fraser Coulter was passable as the Colonel.

He looked a little heavy, a little beery man.

Mr. Charles was all that could be expected as the Sergeant.

Miss Adele Palma was the very pink a little Parisienne as the hostess.

Miss Dora Goldthwaite, as the wife, was fair.

She has an interesting and attractive face, but she ought to cultivate a more graceful walk.

Mr. J. M. Jordon, as the jealous husband, and Mr. Charles Mackay, as his namby-pamby, goody-goody son, were poor.

Miss Isabella Ivesson did nicely as the young girl, though I can't admire her taste in liking such a fellow as young *Walter*.

Mr. Jos. Wilks played the bad missionary in a conventional way.

Mr. Harry Booker made the black heathen convert a figure that seems escaped from an east side dime museum.

The scenery in the "Kaffir Diamond" is on a scale of lavish beauty.

It's worth going to see.

Tulle and tights have a strange fascination for some fellows.

You can see twelve girls in tulle and tights any night in the week, and all for 50 cents.

Just drop in at the Casino and take a look at the "ballet chorus" in "Nadjy," the operette now jauntily running there.

The names of the girls?

Certainly.

Adams, Baker, Dirkes, Melin, Bulkley, Reid, Lawrence, Fennier, Maynard, Berner, Ferreis.

One more or less—it doesn't matter.

Looking at girls in tulle and tights puts a fellow in a reminiscent mood.

I found my friend John Paul Bocock, of the *World*, in such a reminiscent mood the other night.

Here's a part of the parody which he wrote on the "Aux Italiens" of Owen Meredith while in this mood:

And I swear, as I thought of that coryphee,
The daintiest darling of all the flirts,
That I heard the rustle and elfin sway
Of her delicate muslin skirts!
And I turned and looked; she was posing there
At the end of the chorus, on the right,
With the same sweet crimp in her yellow hair
And the rip in her dexter tight!
She is not dead, and she is not wed;
She's danced in the chorus for sixty year,
And the very first words her sweet lips said
Were: "Buy me the oysters and beer!"
And I thought in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the coryphees knew when
To die and be forgiven!
But, oh, the wig on her flaxen poll,
And, oh, the wrinkles behind her ear!
And, oh, the way that she wrung my soul
With "Buy me the oysters and beer!"

ROSEN.

FATAL MINE ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Wicke's Tunnel, Butte, Mon., on Friday morning, a premature explosion took place, killing nine men and wounding several others. Those killed are Wm. Vale, Mike Walsh, Thomas Paterson, Frank Anderson, Dan Walker, Thomas Pearson, James Miller, John Sunbery and George Irving. The terrible accident, it is said, was caused by the misunderstanding of a signal.

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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.

Robert Caruthers.

Probably no baseball player has gained the celebrity that Bobby Caruthers, the famous pitcher of the Brooklyn team, has. His name is familiar to every lover of the game from Maine to California, and from the Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. He was born in Memphis, and raised in Chicago, and began his career with amateurs. His chief aim was to become a pitcher, and he at once went to work with a will to master the art. He gained his reputation in that position, in 1884, while with the Minneapolis club. It was while pitching for that club that President Von der Ahe, of the St. Louis Browns, heard of him, and when the club disbanded the genial Chris engaged him. His wonderful work during the seasons of 1885-'86-'87, with the St. Louis Browns, is what made him famous all over the country. Bobby has a very deceptive delivery, combined with considerable speed. He has also a faculty for using his head in studying the weak points of each batsman, which helps to make his pitching effective. Caruthers' release from the St. Louis club came high, but the Brooklyns needed his services, and considered him cheap at any price. Bobby is a brilliant out-fielder, a fine batsman and an excellent base runner. He is also a reliable every day player.

Morris, of the Pittsburghs, has been playing ball like a race horse ever since he was soaked fifty dollars for being fresh with Manager Phillips, and he made the discovery that the fine went.

It will be a severe blow to the success of that Australian trip if Anson doesn't get the pennant, and the chances are that he will not, as the New Yorks have such a firm grip on it that it is liable to be torn into shreds if Anson attempts to wrench it from their grasp.

Last fall Chris Von der Ahe was selling players, but this fall he is buying them, as he paid $4,000 for Chamberlain's release.

It only cost the people $4,500 in Zanesville, Ohio, to find out that they didn't know how to run a ball club.

It is now in order for the stockholders of the minor league clubs to call special meetings, size up what they have lost and disband.

The ball players are being killed off so fast now that the race will soon become extinct if the pitcher's box is not moved from half to three-quarters of a mile further back. The present style of pitching is about equivalent to standing fifty feet from a cannon and trying to hit the ball that is shot out. The fact is that it is a hundred per cent. more dangerous, as the cannon ball would come straight, while the pitcher keeps the batter dancing a hornpipe by throwing every other ball or so directly at him, in order to scare him out of making a hit.

Von der Ahe and Gifford are having it tooth and nail. The former thought all he had to do with the latter was to drop him whenever he was through with him, but "Gif" wasn't willing to be dropped, so the matter will be decided by a little game of ball in court.

A gentleman was sympathizing with McPhee, the second baseman of the Cincinnati club, who has played ball all his life, and has never been fined by either manager or umpire until Doescher soaked him in the neck for $25 for only saying: "Doescher you are a thief, and I can prove it," when his little son looked up and innocently said: "Why, papa, I think he would be better able to spare it than the other poor players who are being fined every day."

There has been a very great deal said about base running and sliding, but about the greatest slide on record was that made by Dallas at Beatrice, Neb. He was playing a very exciting game of ball one Sunday night, and in stealing to second he made a desperate slide, going out of the second story window and landing in the middle of the street. Of course he was bruised a little, but those are chances all ball players have to take in making records for themselves.

It is a bitter disappointment, of course, but we will not flop any pennant in Brooklyn this year; it will have to be "s'm'other" year.

The Boston *Globe* man is bellyaching about the New York baseball editors stealing baseball items bodily from Boston papers without even the semblance of a blush. Certainly there cannot be a baseball writer in New York city that would want to publish such trashy, senseless stuff as is dished out each day in the Boston *Globe* like free lunch in a Dutch beer saloon. It is not quality but quantity that you get, and the majority of the items are so silly that you feel like kicking yourself for the time you wasted in reading them. Then, again, some of them are so old and musty that they smell bad. No, no; if there is any copying done from the Boston papers you can go to bed and sleep soundly, as you can rest assured that nothing will be taken from the *Globe*, as they are too foolish and no one would take chances on losing his situation by reproducing such slush. You are safe, old man.

They had such a very successful season in New Orleans in '87 and made so much money, that they "plunged" this year for all it was worth, and brought up with the usual plunge luck, for when the club was disbanded they were between $6,000 and $7,000 in the hole. They had fancy players with fancy salaries, the boys were lionized and filled full of rum, everything ran smoothly, until the players were allowed to go on the field drunk, which ended in their playing bum ball, and the crowd, of course, refusing to give their support.

Long John Ewing has been doing some good twirling this season, and it is just barely possible that there may yet be a day that the New York public will see him slamming them in to his brother Buck.

It is claimed that Manager "Rum" has got the Albany club so thoroughly under his control that they can't play ball even a little bit, and that he is such a great disciplinarian that two-thirds of the time he has the boys stretched out on a shutter.

Donaghue's benefit was Sixsmith's misfortune, as the latter threw his arm out of gear in a throwing contest at the former's benefit game, and got released for the remainder of the season on account of being disabled.

Feeling ran so high over the series of games between the Stockton club and the Haverlys of San Francisco, that the Stockton merchants offered all kinds of inducements to their boys in case they won. They were successful, and on the following day the boys went around in a body to secure their various presents. Some of the merchants giving them new hats, others new suits, others shoes, and others handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc. It was a great day for the players who had made the hit of their lives when they opened up the hearts of their admirers in this manner. One of the Stocktons happened to mention the fact that they were to get these presents, and "Buck" Elright, of the Haverlys, who is a dead cunning mule, got excused for a day, lay over in Stockton, rung in with the players, and worked the Stockton people for an entire outfit, and no one tumbled to his racket until he had cut tracks for home.

There is nothing like a good hot-headed manager. The Sioux City club have one in Bryan, who got up on his ear and waltzed off the ground at Milwaukee, which cost the directors a cool three hundred.

Buck Ewing made a bad break in Chicago when he played possum in order to get out of the game and save himself for the following day. He not only made the New York club liable for a $300 fine, but he showed the entire country that he had only been faking when he went in and caught on the following day. If you make a bluff, old man, do it for all it is worth.

New Orleans has made it kind of lively for Washington in regard to Widner. The fact is that baseball is becoming so extremely popular that they are now beginning to play it in court, although they haven't become so unruly yet as to slug the umpire judge when his decisions do not suit.

Many comparisons have been drawn between the ball playing of to-day and that of from fifteen to twenty years ago. In all due deference to the gentlemen who take such pleasure in ridiculing the old timers and boasting of the players of the period, they must not forget that the man has yet to be produced who can beat Johnny Hatfield's record at long-distance throw of 133 yards 1 foot 7 inches. Probably the fancy players of the period are kept too busy eating the ball in their grand stand displays to pay any attention to long-distance throwing, or possibly it may be on account of the ball not being hit so hard at present, which does not necessitate any long throwing. Baseball twenty years ago was just as interesting as it is to-day; but it was not handled in such a business-like manner. The players worked like other men and played ball for recreation and the love of the sport, but now they are in no other business and ride about in palace cars, and think they are cruelly treated when required to play every day in the week, even though it is only two hours a day. For good, whole-souled, interesting baseball you can give me the old timers, or rather the genuine baseball as it was played twenty years ago, when such a thing as players killed or maimed for life was unheard of. The feeling was there but it was not murderous. Then it was noble ball playing. Now it is low-lived trickery, or the dirtiest kind of dirty ball playing.

A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

J. T. Hoskins, Phair, Tex., says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is the champion of American sporting papers."

The St. Louis Browns should, for modesty's sake, be the last club on earth to complain of getting a bad deal from umpires. They have bulldozed all the umpires in the Association and have had everything their own way for the past five years, and now when they stack up against men like Ferguson and Goldsmith, whom there is no scare in, they beef about getting a cold deal from these men in Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

The Brooklyns think they could have won the pennant this season with hands down, if the other fellows had not won so many games off them.

It is hard to be a pitcher and stack up against big batters. Poor Casey did his best in Detroit, but he got knocked out of the lot just the same. Harry Wright got on his ear and laid poor Casey off without pay. If this was done to every pitcher the Detroits hit hard, there would not be a pitcher left in the League, as no pitcher has a picnic when he faces those sluggers. Had Harry been managing the New Yorks he would no doubt have laid Keefe off without pay the day Ewing cut up his monkeyshine, when the Chicagos had Tim 9 to 7 in five innings.

A bright young fellow was selling books on baseball at Ridgewood Park last Sunday, which contained portraits of the New York and Brooklyn players. The Brooklyns had just polished the Athletics off to the tune of 8 to 0. Larkin, of the Athletics, wanted to be very funny, and said: "Let's see one of those books." He took it, and opening it opposite the portraits of two of the Brooklyn players said: "Will this teach you how to play baseball?" as he winked knowingly to several of his companions. "No; but those players can," was the quick retort, and the crowd gave Larkin the grand laugh. The boy continued: "They have shut you out—what you can't do to them!" Larkin's face flushed as he tossed the boy a nickel for his book and made his escape.

The Kalamazoo has gone up the flue. It is the old, old story—no mon—no play. The management couldn't furnish the price, and the boys couldn't live on wind. They were due for a trip, but the players refused to go, and the management made from five to six hundred dollars by the deal, as they fined each player the amount of his salary, then released him. Some of the poor ducks were so badly strapped that they left the town on their uppers.

Dunlap seems to be in hard luck, as he no sooner recovered from one long lay up until he gets another. Detroit had a siege of it with him last year, and now the Pittsburghs are getting their dose.

It is getting fashionable to put all the blame on the poor pitcher. Newark has fined Norman Baker heavily and suspended him indefinitely because they were beaten 17 to 3 by the Allentown club while he was pitching.

JUNE.

SHE WAS LOVESICK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The season at Nantasket Beach, Mass., closed on Sunday with a sensational attempt at suicide near the famous rocks of the Atlantic House. In the afternoon the form of a young and pretty girl was seen crouching in a niche in the rocks, with the waves of the incoming tide washing over her ankles. She was in a stupor, and an empty vial, marked "Nux vomica," showed the cause of her unconsciousness. Before she could be reached the waves had risen to her hips, and her body was slipping into the sea. She was carried to the hotel, and in her moments of returning consciousness she repeatedly mentioned a young man's name. When she could speak rationally she said her name was Rose Couts, and that she was a dressmaker at Waltham.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Michael Cover, a thin-faced, six-year-old boy, had a fight with rats in a deserted house on Twentieth street, St. Louis, Mo., recently. The boy having been deserted by his parents, crawled in the house and went to sleep on the floor. He had slept but a short time, when he was awakened by a pain in his ear, and putting his hand to it felt it bleeding. The next instant there was a rush of pattering feet, and simultaneously he was bitten by rats on several parts of his body. He screamed loudly, and the police hearing him, burst open the door and took him out of the uncannny place.

ROUGH ON THE FOOTLIGHT FAIRIES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A gay party of young girls who paralyze the gilded youth with their charms behind the footlights of a local theatre in St. Louis, Mo., were engaged a few nights ago in the fascinating pastime of rushing the growler at their summer boarding house, 1314 Market. Just as the fun was at its height, and the festive two-gallon beer can had ascended the stairway for the seventh time, Mrs. James Russell, another occupant of the house, threw a pail of hot water over the party, scalding several. It is needless to say that the footlight fairies were quickly scattered.

STABBED IN THE DARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A desperate attempt was made late Friday night to murder Mrs. Jennie Marshall, who lives with her husband and parents in a farm house near the Passaic river, opposite the Newark, N. J., water works. Mrs. Marshall sat at an open window with an arm resting on the sill. Suddenly she was seized by a burly fellow, who held a large knife in view. Then the man made a lunge at Mrs. Marshall with the knife. She raised her arm and got a severe gash. Her screams attracted her parents and husband, and her assailant fled, and his identity is unknown.

SHOT HIS FATHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Howell, of Ashland, Ky., 17 years old, shot and killed his father, John Howell, on Saturday. John Howell served a term of years in the penitentiary, and returned home last August. Since then he has frequently beaten his wife and daughters. Thursday night he drove his entire family from home, and threatened their lives. Saturday morning his son procured a warrant for his arrest for abusing his family, and requiring him to give bond to keep peace. After the trial Howell returned home, swearing vengeance on his son, who met him at the door and shot him.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.

J. R. Trenchard.

Hornellsville, N. Y., isn't slow in recognizing a good thing when it is presented to her, and when she gets her grip on to that good thing it is there to stay. This is evidenced by the tenacity to which she clings to her chief of police. J. R. Trenchard is the present and only incumbent that office ever had. Away back in its village days Mr. Trenchard served for years on its Board of Trustees, and as patrolman and acting chief of police. When the city charter was procured he was made chief of police, and no better appointment could have been made. He was born in Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., in September, 1842, and educated in the public school. In the spring of 1869 he removed to Hornellsville and engaged in the wholesale and retail butcher business. He also dealt largely in cattle for New York market. He continued in this business for sixteen years, until finally reverses overtook him and he was compelled to retire. He is a painstaking, conscientious officer, and the right man in the right place.

May Wilkes,

The popular emotional star, whose fine portrait is in our dramatic column this week, is a native of California. After an apprenticeship in several excellent companies, Miss Wilkes is now starring in "Gwynne's Oath," a powerful society comedy-drama by that able actor and genial fellow, Mr. Nelson Wheatcraft.

Wilson A. Ames.

A suit for divorce has recently been brought by Wilson A. Ames, a well-known millionaire of Chicago, Ill. The suit implicates dashing Jim Cummings of Omaha, Neb., who Mr. Ames alleges has stolen his wife's affections from him and committed adultery with her. Mrs. Ames is a leading society lady, while Cummings is prominently connected in business in Omaha; and the affair has therefore created a great sensation in both places.

David Belasco.

David Belasco, playwright and manager, whose striking features are reproduced on another page, is a native of San Francisco. He became a playwright when a mere boy. He wrote lurid things with lurid titles. When Adelaide Neilson came to San Francisco she was surprised when Mr. Belasco was introduced to her as a local manager. "That boy!" said she, in astonishment. Mr. Belasco has had a hand in "Diplomacy," toyed with "La Belle Russe," collaborated with Howard at "Baron Rudolph," adapted "Valerie," introduced "The Wife," and, with Mr. De Mille, constructed "Lord Chumley" for Sothern.

THOUGHT THE HOUSE ON FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

S. F. Brown, a wood-carver from New York city, experienced a violent death at Bridgeport, Conn., on Saturday night. He occupied a room in the fourth story of a house adjoining that of Theodore Larnard. During the night Larnard got into an altercation with his wife, who fought desperately, screaming loudly at the same time for assistance. Brown, thinking the house on fire, became panic stricken and jumped from the window to the street.

A BULLET HOLE IN HER BREAST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Ada Flynn, daughter of Paul A. Flynn, of Johnstown, Pa., was murdered on Thursday at the home of her grandfather, Alex. Trouxell, near Glasgow. Recently an attempt was made to rob Mr. Trouxell, and the general supposition is that she was killed by persons bent on robbery during the absence of the family. The murder was committed in daylight. Miss Flynn was about 22 years of age, and was a handsome and accomplished young lady. There is no clue to the murderers.

"THAT IS MY TRICK!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the strangest murders that have ever occurred in or near Vincennes, Ind., took place in that locality on Saturday night. John Brady, a wealthy and respected farmer, was indulging in a quiet game of cards with a neighbor. It was about nine o'clock when Brady said, "That is my trick!" He extended his hand to take it, but the act was never finished. Almost simultaneously two shots were fired through the open window by some unknown parties. Brady threw up his hands, scattering the cards, and fell prostrate upon the floor, dying instantly.

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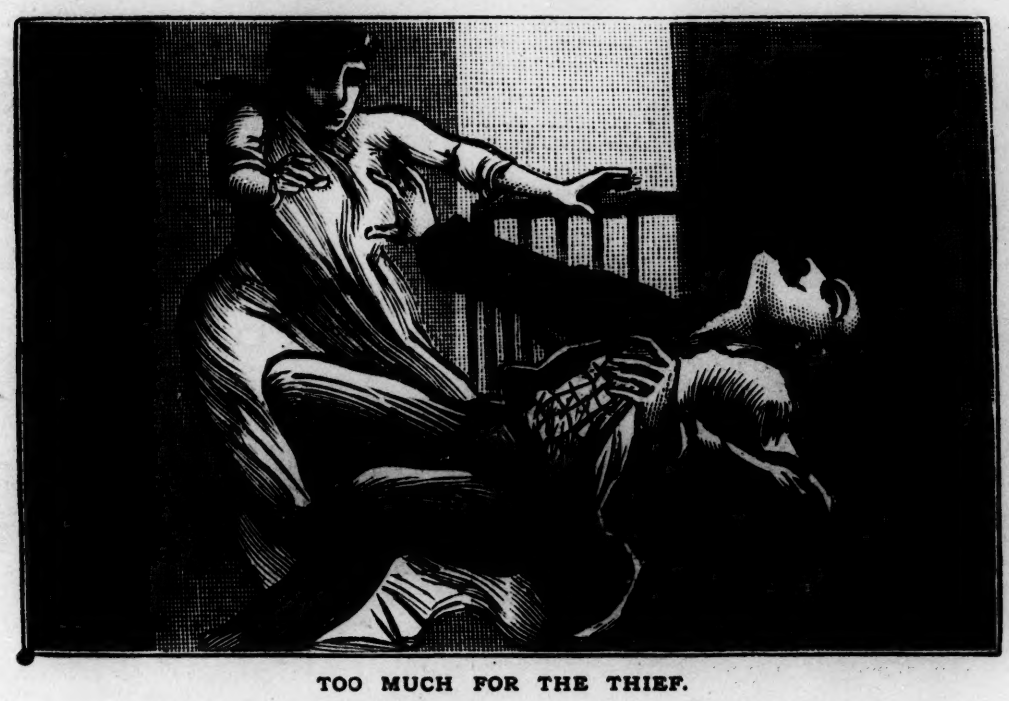
DAVID BELASCO,

THE POPULAR AND ABLE PLAYWRIGHT AND MANAGER.

MAY WILKES,

THE CHARMING LEADING LADY IN "GWYNNE'S OATH."



TOO MUCH FOR THE THIEF.

WHILE BURGLARIZING C. T. HARVEY'S RESIDENCE AT LYACK, N. Y., THE INTRUDER IS FORCED TO "GIT" BY A PLUCKY SERVANT.

"KILL HIM."

JOHN KING'S MURDERER AT CORNING, N. Y., BARELY ESCAPES MOB VENGEANCE AS HE IS HURRIED TO PRISON.

THE BALLAST WAS STONES.

A LEAKY AND ROTTEN BOAT FOUNDERS IN THE HUDSON OFF HASTINGS, N. Y., DROWNING FIVE PERSONS.

SHE WAS LOVESICK

MISS ROSE COUTS, A BEAUTIFUL WALTHAM, MASS., DRESSMAKER, CREATES A SENSATION AT NANTASKET BEACH BY AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE OF SIX-YEAR-OLD MICHAEL COVER IN A DESERTED HOUSE AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

HER MOTHER DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS OUT.

A NEW YORK BLUECOAT RUNS IN MISS ELIZABETH MITCHELL, WHO WAS WANDERING THROUGH THE STREETS IN DISHABILLE.

WON WITH HIS GUN.

HOW TOBE HOWARD, A BURLY COWBOY, BLUFFED A MONTE DEALER AND POCKETED A FARO BANK NEAR CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERR.

PRIVATE COYLE'S BRAVERY.

A ST. PAUL, MINN., LADY FALLS INTO A BOILING SPRING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK, AND IS RESCUED FROM A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

HE TUMBLED AFTER.

TERRIBLE AND FATAL FALL OF W. H. RASSMUSSEN WHILE ROLLING STONES DOWN A STEEP PRECIPICE NEAR SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

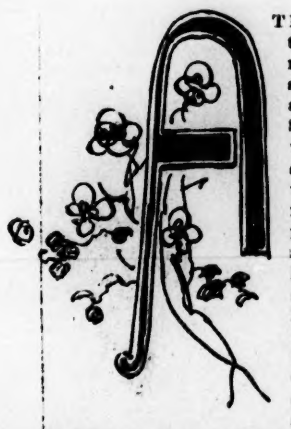
TERRIBLE.

Daniel Green of San Diego, Cal., Shoots His Wife and then Suicides.

LOVE AND DESERTION.

The Wife Seeks Divorce and the Husband Retaliates by Attempted Murder.

THE FATAL SHOT.



TRAGIC occurrence took place a few nights ago at the southeast corner of G and Eleventh streets, SanDiego, Cal., in which a woman was shot by her husband, who afterward committed suicide. The particulars of the case are these: At the house situated as above described there lives a woman named Fanny Marks, known in San Diego as Mrs. Greene. She has resided there two years and has supported herself and family of children by letting furnished rooms. Her husband has not lived with her for many years, but on the night in question returned home unexpectedly, and meeting his wife outside demanded of her to let him into the house to see the children. At the time Greene made his appearance on the street his wife was standing at the gate talking to a young man named Mehan, who is employed in a law office in the city. Fearing trouble, Mrs. Greene asked the young man to remain with her. When the demand was made by the husband, Mrs. Greene refused to allow him to enter the house, telling him that night was not the proper time to come, but that if he would return the following morning he would be admitted.

Long desertion from her had caused Mrs. Greene to enter divorce proceedings about five weeks ago, and it was on account of this that she refused him admittance.

Angry words followed, and Mehan withdrew a short distance from the scene. Hardly he had done so, however, when Greene, who was standing outside the front garden fence, drew his revolver and without one word of warning placed it through the fence and fired. The ball took effect in the upper part of the woman's left thigh. She at once made toward the house, and as she did so she saw her now furious husband discharge another chamber of his revolver at Mehan, who at once made his way as fast as possible up G street. Greene then turned and again fired at his wife, but missed her, she escaping into the house. The man then ran inside the yard, and when he found the door closed upon him he deliberately placed the revolver at his own head and fired. The ball entered immediately behind the right ear and almost passed through the head. Death was instantaneous.

Officer G. W. Salladay, who happened to be within a block of the occurrence, at once hurried to the spot. He found things in the greatest confusion in the house, and stumbled over the lifeless body of Greene as he essayed to enter. Dr. A. H. Conson was immediately summoned, but he found Greene dead upon his arrival. Mrs. Greene was placed upon a bed and an examination showed that the ball had entered the front of her left thigh, just below the groin and passed out at the rear, coming in dangerous proximity to the main artery.

A large crowd of people had by this time gathered, but Deputy Chief Barton and his men succeeded in keeping the curious public from the room. The woman was placed upon a bed in the back room of the ground floor, while the body of her husband was stretched upon the porch at the rear of the house, pending the removal to the undertaker's.

A reporter, when the suffering woman had received all the medical assistance that could for the time be rendered, interrogated her as to the particulars of the trouble. She said that she was 40 years of age and a native of Poland, near the Russian line. She was married to Marks when only 15 years of age, both of them at that time being pupils at the same school. They lived happily together for more than a year, but soon after a child was born to them Marks seemed to lose his affection for her. About eighteen months after their marriage he deserted her and went to England, but wrote her regularly for a time. Another child was born, and the young woman, not hearing from her husband for several months, determined to leave for Hull, in Yorkshire, where she believed he was. Arriving at the city named, she was fortunate in finding her truant spouse without much difficulty. For a time they lived happily together, but he deserted her for a second time and went to Liverpool, whither she again followed him. Determined, however, not to listen to the words of love which the young woman bestowed upon him, he again left her, going to New York. She soon followed him, but he still pushed westward to Detroit, and being confronted again by her there, took the train for San Francisco. At that place he changed his name from Marks to Greene, and when his wife, after a long, wearisome search, again found him, he prevailed upon her to adopt that name also, in order to avoid suspicion at the place in which he was working. This was done, and ever since they have gone by that name.

They then lived peacefully for a time, but his old disposition to roam again showed itself and he left her for Nevada. After a short stay he returned to California, coming to the county of San Diego. This was nearly twenty years ago. Since that time they have lived together but very little, he leaving her for months at a time. She has been a hard-working woman and has succeeded in securing some property in the county. He rarely worked, and when supplied with money by his wife would squander it away in gambling dens. They came to this city a few years ago, after a short stay at the Six-Mile House, near Julian, and opened a boarding house at the corner of I and Eighth streets. Mrs. Green subsequently sold out there, and went to live at the house which was the scene of last night's tragedy. She owns the house, as well as the two adjoining. About two months ago Green arrived at the house unexpectedly at 1 o'clock in the morning, and forcing open one of the boarder's windows, entered. The latter thinking he was a burglar, closed with him, and after a tussle he was turned from the house and taken away by a policeman. Since that time he has exhibited signs of jealousy, and has made certain unguarded statements regarding the woman's character.

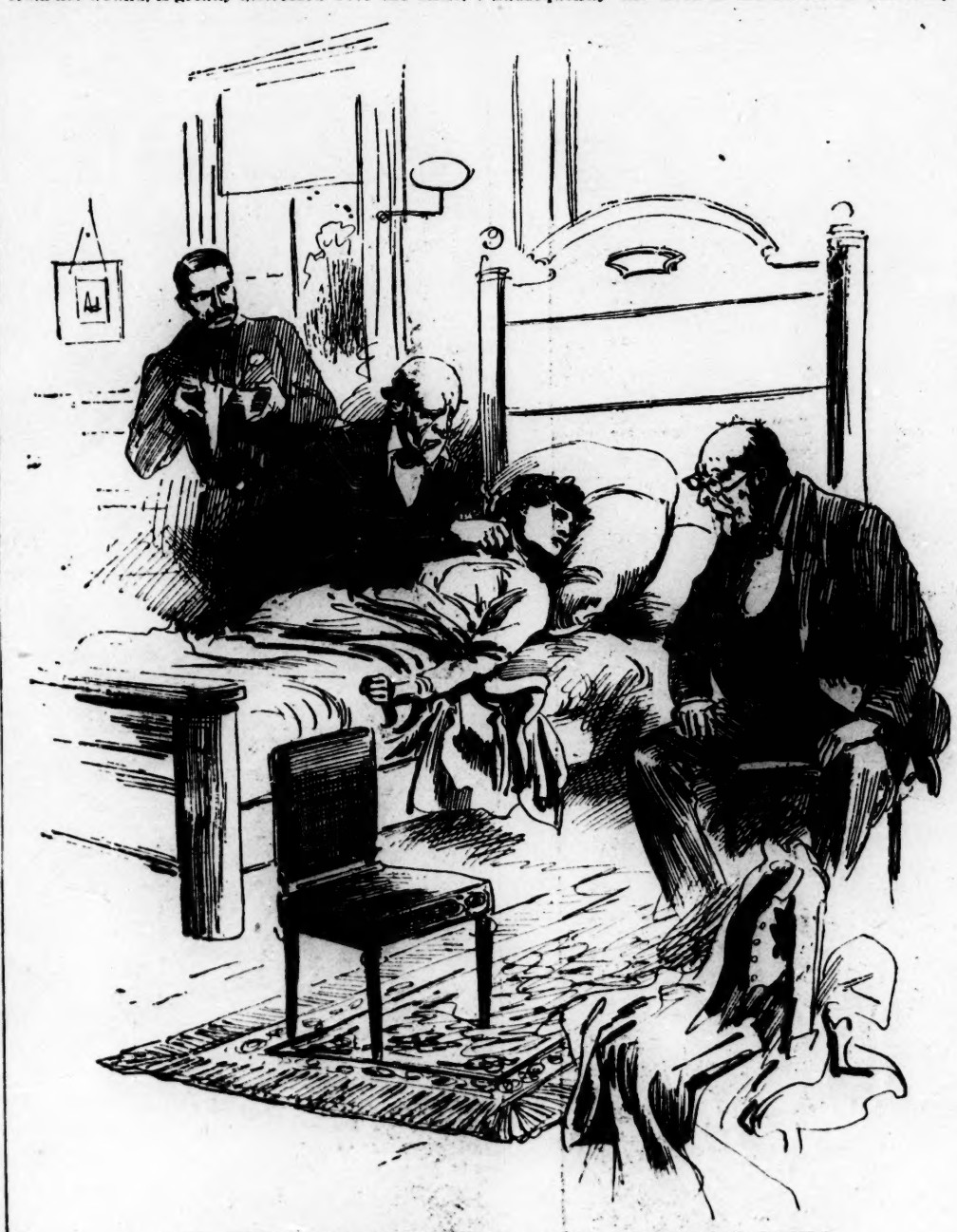
Some five weeks ago Mrs. Greene instituted proceedings for divorce, and her husband, who was away in the country, hearing of this, again unexpectedly turned up last night, with the terrible result above detailed.

There have been thirteen children as issue of this unhappy marriage, of whom eleven are living. They are Joseph, the youngest, a boy of five years; Minnie, six years old; Flora, eleven years; Rosie, twelve years; Isaac, thirteen years; Mollie fourteen years; Leon, twenty years; Louis, twenty-one years; Abraham, who left this morning for Los Angeles, twenty-three years, and a married daughter named Poole, living about 40 miles east of here.

The woman, while not appearing to suffer much from her wound, is greatly distressed over the affair, and is constantly calling for her children. Neighbors are tending her, and display much sympathy for the family, who, they maintain, have been much wronged by the rash and reckless husband.

The revolver used was a 44-calibre British bulldog, and has four of the barrels empty.

GREENE THRUST HIS REVOLVER THROUGH THE FENCE AND FIRED.



"THE WOMAN WAS PLACED UPON A BED IN THE BACK ROOM."

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS FOR 25 CENTS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

MADE LOVE TO HIS SALESLADY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Stella Helen Sherman, formerly of Elizabeth, but more recently of Chatham, N. J., has begun a breach of promise suit against Frank E. Johnstone, the manager of the American Novelty Company, which conducts a fancy store under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city, and asks $20,000 damages. Miss Sherman is a blue-eyed blonde of twenty-two and quite pretty, and Mr. Johnstone is a widower of over sixty years.

Miss Sherman was formerly a saleslady of Johnstone. Before entering the Novelty store in that capacity she lived with the family of Mrs. Sarah Winn, at 131 West 127th street. She received instructions in music, French and German and was regarded as a person of rare accomplishments. She was likewise rated as a very religious girl. Not caring longer to be a burden on her friends, she secured employment in the Novelty store in 1886. After she had been there a few days Mr. Johnstone invited her to dine with him one evening at the Hotel Dam, where he spoke to her very kindly. A few days later, she avers, he took her to a house on Lexington avenue, and what followed is thus described in her affidavit:

"He sat beside me in a private parlor and began to talk to me in a most affectionate manner. Finally he stole a kiss from me. I started and remonstrated, when he embraced me and covered me with kisses, professing the most ardent love and affection for me. I was very much frightened, and the tears ran down my cheeks."

"Don't be frightened, my dear child," he said. "I love you. Why should you not marry me?"

The result of this beginning was, as the plaintiff alleges, that Mr. Johnstone secured a room for Stella at 103 Waverly Place, where he visited her regularly. Subsequently she lived at the Albert on University place, at 113 East Eighteenth street and at 36 West Tenth street. He made her costly presents and called upon her frequently at these several places. When she became ill he engaged a Brooklyn doctor to attend her. She now alleges that he refuses to marry her, hence the action.

AN AWFUL FATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

As the young wife of James Lillie, of Kansas City, Mo., the noted baseball player, formerly of the Buffalo and Kansas City League teams, was filling a gasoline stove last Saturday an explosion occurred and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Lillie tried to seize her to smother the flames, but she fought him off with all her might. Finally he succeeded in seizing her, and, though her clothing was in flames, he tore it from her, burning his hands so terribly that the right one will have to be amputated and several fingers of the left will be deformed. The poor woman died after suffering intense agony.

WON WITH HIS GUN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A big game of Mexican monte ended in a successful gun bluff by a half-drunken cowboy named Howard, at a small whistling station, near Cheyenne, Wyo. T., on Friday night. The dealer, John James, had set up his stacks of silver dollars and gold eagles on a rough pine board in a corner of a doby that was built by a frontiersman who crossed the plains in '59. His players were a score of cowboys who rode in from the surrounding ranges during the afternoon to replenish their supply of cartridges and whiskey.

James' luck was phenomenal, and he quickly raked in all the boys' ducats. Howard then placed a big six shooter on the faro table an i asked that it be accepted as collateral for a $10 stake. The dealer refused to do so. "You won't play for that gun, eh?" said Howard. "No, I won't," retorted James angrily. "Then I'll play just one turn with it," and quicker than thought he snatched the weapon from the counter, cocked it, and drew a bead on the dealer. "The first man that moves," he shouted, "will get a streak of daylight put through him big enough to ride a mule in." Nobody stirred but James, and he did nothing but throw his hands above his head. Howard reached his unemployed paw in the direction of the tempting golden stacks, and quicker than it takes to tell it he had them safely deposited in his pants' pocket.

TOO MUCH FOR THE THIEF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Early Friday morning a man entered the house of Charles T. Harvey, a New York business man, who lives in upper Nyack. He entered the room occupied by the family's Swedish servant. She was asleep at the time, but the noise woke her up, and she sprang from her bed and grappled with the thief, grasping both his arms. "Let go," he muttered between his teeth, but the girl was stronger than the burglar and kept a firm hold on him. He struggled, but the girl forced him to the top of the stairway. Once he succeeded in getting his revolver almost in line with her heart, but she forced it down before he could fire. When she got him to the top of the stairs she gave him a tremendous push and sent him flying down to the floor below and then followed. He jump d up and dashed to a window, raised it and dropped.

"KILL HIM!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John King, a pot maker in the glass works at Corning, N. Y., was killed by an Italian laborer, who shot him on Sunday afternoon in the saloon of John Healy. The Italian escaped, but after running about a mile was captured by Officer Wisner. On the way to the station house a mob of the murdered man's friends arrived, and with cries of "Kill him!" "String him up?" etc., attacked the officers and the prisoner with stones and clubs.

In less than two minutes the prisoner's eyes were nearly gouged out and he was knocked senseless. He received terrible cuts in the face and head. The officer finally reached the police station with his man.

HE TUMBLED AFTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. H. Rassmussen, late Principal of the district school at Richfield, Sevier county, Utah, and Henry Hague, of Elsinore, while on a pleasure trip in Monroe Canon, were rolling stones down to the water. While Rassmussen was in the act of rolling a boulder the earth gave way beneath him and he fell from a precipice 50 feet high and was instantly killed. As he went down he struck on a jutting crag and his throat was cut and the flesh torn from his cheek. His body was frightfully mangled and nearly all the bones were broken.

A LUCKY ITHACAN.

Alonzo C. Edwards Draws $5,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

Learning this morning that there was no doubt but what Alonzo C. Edwards was the lucky Ithacan who held one-twentieth of ticket No. 31,809 which drew the second capital prize of $100,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery held on the 7th inst., our reporter at noon to day called at his residence to learn the truth of the matter.

Mr. Edwards is a hard-working mason who has lived in Ithaca twenty years, and has no real estate of his own, and rents the south end of the one-story, unpainted house marked 79 on Linn street. Mr. Edwards was just returning from his work as our reporter reached the house, and he was asked if he was the lucky holder of the above mentioned ticket, and he smilingly said that he was.

"Have you received the money?" asked the reporter.

"If seeing is believing, you can look at the draft I received this morning," and Mr. Edwards took from his pocket a draft on New York which was as good as gold, the face value being $4,995, five dolla s being deducted for cost of draft.

"I suppose," said the reporter, "that this money comes very convenient at this time."

"Indeed it does. I was a little surprised when I saw in the list of prizes that I had drawn $5,000 I paid a dollar for the ticket; though I have purchased several this year. I mean now to have a snug little home of my own, and make my family as comfortable as possible. There are five of us, myself, wife and three little girls," and he pointed to his family group who stood near the window, all of whom looked very happy at the good fortune that had fallen to them.

"Shall you try your luck again?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Edwards; "I shall try my luck occasionally, but shall not let my good fortune run away with me. The best part of it is I can now have a home of my own," and Mr. Edwards handed over the draft to his wife, which he said he should have cashed at the First National Bank, and the money placed where it would be safe.—*Ithaca* (N. Y.) *Journal*, Aug. 27.

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WILL HE FIGHT?

John L.'s Backers Mighty Slow About Putting up a Forfeit.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT IT.

Interesting Interviews With Prominent Sporting Men on the Subject.

THAT $5,000 FORFEIT IN PARIS.

The main topic in prize ring circles, both in this country and Canada, is the proposed fistic encounter between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world (and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight championship), and John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion of America.

Since the champion's arrival from England, the admirers of Sullivan have been using every effort to induce the Boston pugilist to meet Kilrain in the arena, and a syndicate of New York and Brooklyn sporting men have promised to subscribe the sum of $5,000 in stakes on behalf of Sullivan in his proposed match with Kilrain, according to London prize ring rules, for the championship of the world. The syndicate have not only agreed to back Sullivan against Kilrain, but have promised the ex-champion that they will do everything in their power to make him win, no matter whether he is able to do so or not.

Sullivan, with this glowing prospect before him, has agreed to stop carousing, live abstemiously and prepare himself for the proposed encounter. The syndicate, so far, have only fired a signal gun, but not commenced regular hostilities. They have publicly stated that they will match Sullivan against Kilrain, and these announcements have been published far and wide, but they have not sounded the bugle for Sullivan to throw down the gauntlet to the champion; neither have they posted a forfeit with the New York *Clipper* with a declaration of war in the shape of an official challenge, which is the only business method of arranging important matches. Kilrain is king of the pugilistic castle. He is ready to defend it, and has plenty of soldiers—Uncle Sam's Treasury notes—to assist him to do so.

The *Sporting News*, of St. Louis, hits the nail on the head in the following paragraph, which we clip from that paper: "Kilrain holds the championship, and is to defend it against all comers. Any one can issue a challenge, but such defis amount to nothing unless accompanied with a deposit. Pat Killen's challenge amounts to nothing as far as the championship is concerned, simply because he stipulates Queensberry rules must govern the contest. There is no record in prize ring history in which the championship has been fought by any other rules except London prize ring rules. Queensberry rules were framed for amateurs to box by and they are not recognized either in England or this country in fistic encounters where the championship is in question. From the time Tom Figg flourished as the first champion of England up to the succession of Jem Smith, the present champion, to the title in England, all prize ring battles have been managed according to London prize ring rules, and, in this country, from the time of Tom Hyer (the first champion of America) to that when Jake Kilrain assumed the title of champion, the many battles for the fistic championship have all been fought for by London prize ring rules, and there will never be any change."

A special to the N. Y. *Herald*, from Boston, says: "The prospective battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain is the sole topic of conversation in sporting circles. Charley Johnson, the Brooklyn sporting man who backs the big fellow, has written him that he will put up $10,000, or any amount the Kilrain people want, and he is ready to put up $2,500 forfeit money at once. Sullivan is just now at Crescent Beach sick with a febrile complaint, but his medical attendant, Dr. Frank Harris, expects to bring him out all right in a few days. The ex-champion was greatly pleased when he read Johnson's letter, for he has been impatiently waiting for a backer, and will go to Brooklyn just as soon as he is able, probably early next week, to talk over the conditions of the match, and a few days later the money will be posted and a challenge issued to Kilrain. Opinion as to the outcome of the fight differs. Harry Phillips, the former manager of the big fellow, says that if the men were matched he would bet on Sullivan. But if the big fellow didn't whip Kilrain in six or seven rounds and Jack was given as much punishment as John, he would 'hedge' and bet on Kilrain, as he doesn't think Sullivan has the constitution to back him up in a hard fight. However this may be, Sullivan is in first rate condition for fighting, or rather he was until his present slight illness took hold of him. He has been taking first-class care of himself since his escapade a month ago at Brighton, has let liquor alone and has been practically in training for an emergency. His flesh is hard and his pluck strong, and he has boasted often in private of his ability to whip Kilrain or any one else. Kilrain, he thinks, holds himself in too high estimation, and he wants to take down his pride. Sullivan is by no means in as good odor here as formerly, but nevertheless some of the wisest of the sports profess a willingness to bet on him 'if he'll only let rum alone,' and in the coming fight Bostonians will invest pretty largely on him."

The N. Y. *Daily News* says: "The latest sensation in prize ring circles is the proposition of some one to back John L. Sullivan to fight Kilrain for $10,000 and the championship of the world. So far the matching of Sullivan against the champion has been all talk and nothing more, for the parties who say they will back Sullivan do not act as if they were really in earnest. It is generally the custom of parties arranging any kind of a match to put up a forfeit first, and talk afterwards, but so far there has been no money put up, no official challenge issued, and what has been said and done by the parties who are trying to again assist Sullivan to fly his kite has only been gasconade."

Kilrain holds the championship, and is ready to defend it against all comers. Any one can issue a challenge, but such defis amount to nothing unless accompanied with a deposit.

A champion is some one who excels in one of the many branches of athletic sport, and who is ready to meet all comers according to the recognized rules governing the same. He must accept all bona fide challenges, when the said challenges are properly constructed according to the rules framed or adopted to govern any given contest. If he refuses to defend his title, or fails to accept any challenge issued, he forfeits all claim to the championship title. The said challenge must, however, be accompanied by a forfeit and be minus of any conditions whereby it conflicts with the rules or conditions upon which the challenged party holds the same. A champion has a perfect right to ignore any challenge that contains condition not set forth in the rules, unless he mutually agrees to make concessions or the challenger fails to put up a deposit.

Kilrain has not been in New York since last Wednesday, when he left for Hartford. He will pay no attention to the gasconade and buncombe published about Sullivan going to challenge him until the ex-champion puts up a forfeit of $1,000 with the New York *Clipper* and an official challenge is issued.

No matter what people may say or what any one may write, John L. Sullivan would sooner think of flying than meeting Jake Kilrain in a 24-foot ring to battle for $10,000 a side and the championship of the world. Should he consent to arrange a match, it would be very doubtful if the battle ever took place, for in the eleventh hour Sullivan would, unless he had everything his own way and a solid "corner," refuse to agree upon a referee or raise some point whereby the affair ended in a fiasco. Should there be any prospect of articles of agreement being signed between Kilrain and Sullivan to fight for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, the protocol will be an iron-clad one, and the battle will have to be decided in the West, where the best man will have to win.

At the Gilsey House, this city, the leading sporting men congregate and discuss the turf and other sporting topics. On Sept. 11, the POLICE GAZETTE rambler sauntered into the Gilsey and found a galaxy of celebrities who were discussing the proposed great fistic match between Kilrain and Sullivan. The Rambler quickly sank into a chair, grasped an evening paper, and, unnoticed, began to listen to the conversation.

A tall powerful-looking individual, with globe glasses on his eyes and a full set of bushy whiskers, said:

"You may say what you like, Rhody, Sullivan is not by any means the great pugilist he was eight years ago, and if he is to meet this man Kilrain, although I only just had a glance at him at the Metropolitan Hotel, you may believe me, he will whip Sullivan, and I will just bet $500 on Kilrain."

Rhody, who is not a bookmaker or a horseman, but is to be seen at all sporting gatherings and knows all the wrinkles, but can boast of little wealth, said:

"Why, Doctor, you are away off, clear gone. Take my word for it, Sullivan is just as good as ever he was, and he could whip a dozen such countrymen as Kilrain. What did Jake ever do? Fought a draw, with Jem Smith."

Doctor—"Very true; but Kilrain never fought in the ring before he met Jem Smith."

Rhody—"Why, certainly, Doctor, he fought a dozen times."

Doctor—"Allow me, if you please. I mean to say Kilrain never fought a regular prize fight, and his battle with the English champion was his first essay." He distinguished himself at that encounter and proved he was a hero."

Rhody—"I do not believe in a draw fight. I believe in mills, Doctor, like—Sullivan fought, knock-em-out quick"—and Rhody gave the illustration which attracted general attention.

Doctor—"I will handle you with the same gloves you are using. You say you do not believe in draws. Why, the very man whose cause you are espousing fought a draw with Mitchell, a youth, you may say, compared to Sullivan, and nearly twenty-five pounds lighter than the Boston Boy. Now, when Sullivan could not defeat Charley Mitchell in three hours, how on earth is he going to whip a tall, strong, courageous specimen of manhood like Kilrain! Tush! tush! man, I will never believe Sullivan can defeat Kilrain."

At this juncture Andy McIntyre, a well-known stock operator and sporting man, who speculates on every event in the sporting hemisphere, joined the crowd, and after the usual greetings Rhody buttonholed McIntyre.

"The Doctor is trying to give me an awful dose, Mac, but I cannot go it. He says Kilrain can whip Sullivan."

Doctor—"What is your opinion, Mr. McIntyre? Do you coincide with me?"

McIntyre—"Well, I give you my candid opinion. About two or three years ago I thought, like a great many others, that Sullivan could whip any man in the world, but after his refusal to meet Kilrain for that $10,000 Richard K. Fox offered to put up, I came to the conclusion that Sullivan either lacked confidence in himself, had no backers, or else he was not anxious to meet Kilrain. Afterward, I followed his movements in England and found that he had refused to meet Kilrain and agreed to meet Mitchell. It was then my opinion that he was afraid of Kilrain, and that he had a screw loose and was not what we call game."

Doctor—"You just take my view of the matter."

Rhody—"Well, he will whip Kilrain all the same if they meet in the ring."

McIntyre—"Do you think there will be a match, Doctor, or is it all talk?"

Doctor—"I should judge there will be a match arranged by what I read in the New York *Herald*. I see that Richard K. Fox had deposited $5,000 with the *Herald* in Paris and called upon Sullivan or his backers to deposit a like amount with the New York *Clipper* to arrange a match, and lately I read that Charley Johnston, of Brooklyn, James Wakeley, and Philip Lynch and some one else had formed a syndicate to back Sullivan against Kilrain."

McIntyre—"Well, Kilrain is the recognized champion, and every one is aware he has the best of backing so that if the Sullivan party were anxious to close the business I do not see what is to prevent a match being made."

Doctor—"I would travel a long distance to see these men fight, and I fancy I should be enticed to back Kilrain, although I never have bet on a prize fight yet."

CAMPAIGN CLUBS WANT THEM.

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At this juncture several other sporting celebrities joined the party, and a well-known bookmaker, after asking the coterie to imbibe, said:

"What is the argument—Melodrama's victory at Boston, Fanchette race at Chicago, or Los Angeles and Gallifet's cinches at Sheepshead Bay?"

McIntyre—"We were talking about Kilrain and Sullivan."

Bookmaker—"Fighters, aye? Why, this is the turf season. You fellers ain't in line."

McIntyre—"The Doctor is a great admirer of the prize ring, and thinks Kilrain is the best man in the world."

Bookmaker—"You bet he is, and I am with him," and putting out his hand toward the Doctor, the speaker said, "Shake, Doctor, you're right. Kilrain can lick all the fighters living, and that big loafer Sullivan with a discount. Don't you think so, Harry?" addressing another well-known layer of the odds.

Harry—"I am a Sullivan man. I cannot switch because he is a little off, for I think if he was properly trained he would be able to knock out any man in the world."

Kilrain's glove fights and his battle with Smith were then rehearsed and discussed, also Sullivan's disastrous fiasco with Mitchell, when the party broke up, and the POLICE GAZETTE Rambler left the Gilsey for the Brower House, where all the sports mingle.

The N. Y. *Sun*, Sept. 9, says: "If John L. Sullivan is not the helpless slave of strong drink, there is a bright prospect of his finding backing against Jake Kilrain in the immediate future. If he has fortitude and stamina enough left to say to his persistent enemy, John Barleycorn, 'Get thee behind me,' and has besides strength of will enough to keep him in the rear when he gets him there, two men who were Kilrain's warmest partisans before he fought Jem Smith will find the stakes that will enable him to dispute Kilrain's title to the championship of America in a twenty-four foot ring. They are Charley Johnson of Brooklyn and Jimmy Wakeley of New York, and they are dead sore on Kilrain and his backer Fox and on Charley Mitchell for the manner in which they were treated by Jake and Charley when they went to France to see the former fight Jem Smith, and were, as they believe, prevented from seeing the fight by the machinations of Mitchell, which were acquiesced in by Kilrain. They are being encouraged in their action by Sullivan's former backer, Pat Sheedy, who was one of the best friends the big fellow ever had, and who only separated from him because of his misbehavior. Sheedy and Sullivan are not on speaking terms now, but Handsome Pat has still, I am convinced, a good deal of liking for his former protege, and hates to see him going to the dogs, as he has been lately. Said he to me the other day: 'Bad as Sullivan is, and foolish as he is and has been, he is still a lot better than this fellow Kilrain. Why, if he was even to have one-half the success that Sullivan had his head would be swelled so big there'd be no standing him. Just think of the English airs he has now, not a year abroad, and yet he can't tell how much the price of a bottle of wine is because it wasn't told him in English money. Now, what do you think of a duck like that? I've handled dollars where he never saw cents; and was abroad, too, but I never saw the moment that I couldn't tell the value of American money. Might he not be joking? Oh, no. He gave it to Phil Lynch in dead, cold earnest. I firmly believe that if Sullivan will put himself in responsible hands and get into anything like proper condition, which he can do inside of three months, if he will, he can whip Kilrain, London ring rules or any other that two pugilists ever fought under.'"

The backers of John L. Sullivan, who are making such a hubbub, should keep this in front of them: Richard K. Fox, Esq., was in Paris last week, and while there he entered the Paris office of the New York *Herald* and said: "Good afternoon. What's all this I see in your columns about John L. Sullivan being anxious to enter the ring against Jake Kilrain? I am ready to back Kilrain for $10,000 against Sullivan or any one, and if the *Herald* will accept a deposit of $5,000 or $10,000 just to show I am talking business, I will place the money with the *Herald* now."

The American laid his card and a check on the table. The check read:

PARIS, August 13, 1888. The National Park Bank, New York. Pay to the order of the New York *Herald* the sum of $5,000.

Mr. Fox chatted awhile about fighting and fighters, and said: "I see that Sullivan has left the circus business, and offers to fight Mitchell or Kilrain, with a preference for my champion, Jake Kilrain. Sullivan says he has friends who will back him. Now, there is my money," said Mr. Fox, "and here is the letter which I ask the *Herald* to publish," and he handed over his communication.

PARIS, August 13, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: I see by your cable reports from America that John L. Sullivan says he is anxious to meet my champion, Jake Kilrain. I am prepared to back Kilrain against Sullivan, or any man in the world, for $10,000 or more. Will the *Herald* please accept on deposit my enclosed cheque for $5,000 and hold it until the 30th of September next, to be covered by anyone desirous of meeting Kilrain for the heavy-weight championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt; the men to fight not sooner than six months from the date of signing articles. The second deposit to be $2,500 a side and made with the *Sporting Life*, of London, and the third and last deposit of $2,500 to be made with the New York *Clipper*, which is to be the final stakeholder. There are many good men living. I think Kilrain is the best. If anyone thinks differently, I trust that he will embrace the present excellent opportunity to prove it.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Mr. Fox was given duly a receipt for his $5,000 check, which he left with the *Herald*.—St. Louis *Sporting News*.

The Boston *Globe* says: "Since Jake Kilrain, the heavy-weight pugilist, landed in Boston from his English trip, and especially since he called at the *Herald* office to say that he was willing to fight John L. Sullivan, the latter has made himself scarce, so to speak. He has studiously avoided newspaper men, because, as his friends have said, 'He isn't prepared to talk, and doesn't care to talk, till he is well enough and knows on just what grounds he stands.' By 'well enough' Sullivan's friends mean that John has sufficiently recovered from the effect of the excesses he has indulged in since his return to Boston after 'the running match' with Mitchell. About ten days since Sullivan, broken down in health and with empty pockets, 'swore off' drinking any kind of intoxicating liquors, as he has often done before; but this time his friends say it was with an earnestness never before shown. Sullivan has been a sick man. For some time before he stopped drinking his stomach would not fulfill its functions. This was a state of affairs he had never experienced before. Just who will back him against Kilrain nobody is as yet at liberty to say. Charley Johnson will certainly put up much of the cash, but Sullivan has some friends in Boston who are willing to take a share."

An exchange says: "Jake Kilrain, the protege of Richard K. Fox and the pet of Gotham sports, has arrived home, and is ready to enter the ring to defend the 'Police Gazette' belt. John L. Sullivan—to our mind, the champion pugilist of the world—will not allow Jake or Mr. Fox to remain long wondering if the title of championship of the fistic arena be questioned of Jake holding the same. Sullivan will find backers to cover Richard K. Fox's deposit, and those who believe that the Boston boy has taken to cover will have an eye-opener some of these fine mornings. Until Jake Kilrain defeats John L. Sullivan the bulk of the sporting fraternity will look to Sullivan to defend the title of champion of the world."

The *Referee*, Washington, D. C., publishes the following: "One thing must be understood; Kilrain is the champion, and holds the title, which is universally acknowledged all over the world. He will retain that position, no matter what anyone may write or say, until he desires to retire or is conquered. He is willing to tackle all the Killens, McAuliffes, Conleys, Ashtons, Sullivans or any other man breathing, black or white, providing he is eager for the fray and ready to sign a contract according to the rules laid down to govern the championship of the world. Kilrain is not only champion of America, but the recognized Simon pure champion of the world. He fought for the title, and since has been ready to defend the championship of the world."

The *Evening Sun* says: Kilrain must have thought he had struck the business end of a hornets' nest the other night when he called on Jack Dempsey at his place of business back of Fulton Market, and during the conversation that ensued hinted his belief that Jack did not really mean business when he said he would fight Mitchell. Dempsey instantly convinced him that he was wrong by the promptness with which he made out a check to cover the $100 which Kilrain pulled out to back his intimation with. The Nonpareil is a very good-natured fellow, and so is Kilrain, but under such circumstances the levelest-headed men sometimes get excited. Speaking of the matter yesterday, Dempsey said to me: "I never saw so changed a man in my life as Kilrain is. Before he went across the water he was as modest a fellow as you would want to meet, but now he is the biggest braggart I know of. A dozen times while we were talking I wished we were somewhere else than in my own house, for I wanted to roast him, and twice I told him so. In my own house I didn't want to talk fight with him or any of his friends, but he kept poking 'Chawley' Mitchell at me so persistently that I had to. Just imagine him asking me, apparently in dead earnest: 'Would you go into a room with a window in it alone with Chawley Mitchell?'

"'Why, of course I would,' I responded, 'with a window or without one either. Why wouldn't I?' Then he said: 'Chawley tells me that he made you run out of Chicago instead of you making him.' This riled me, and I replied: 'He's a liar, and you, too, if you say so. I had $2,500 in bills in my hand, and I hit him on the cheek with them in Chicago, but he didn't dare cover them or accept my challenge. That's how he ran me out of Chicago.' Then he offered to bet $100 that I wouldn't make a match with Mitchell, and I jumped over the counter and wrote out a check to do so, but Frank Stevenson wouldn't hold the money, so we compromised on a bet of a silk hat. 'There's lots of money for you over in England,' said he. 'You ought to make a trip there.' 'If I was to go,' I answered, 'Mitchell would jump over here. We would pass each other on the ocean, perhaps.' Then he stretched himself and said: 'I'm the boss of all the big fellows, ye know. If Sullivan ever fights me I'll be lawin at him all the time.' 'Indeed you won't,' said I. 'Sullivan will keep you too busy for laughing.' Then I thought it was about time to call him down a bit, and I said: 'A hundred times since your fight with Jem Smith I have been asked why it was that it was a draw. Now, tell me just why it was made a draw.' He replied, 'Oh, we were both pretty badly hurt, and it was dark.' 'As far as being hurt goes,' I responded, 'one paper said that one of you had a black eye and the other a bad ear. Why didn't you insist on fighting it out?' 'Sullivan consented to a draw with Mitchell,' was his answer. After a while he forgot himself, and, talking of Sullivan's fight with Mitchell, he said that John shivered like a dog, and he declared that a game man wouldn't shiver. Then he grew patronizing to me, and said: 'You're a pretty good man for a middle-weight.' He kept this up until I got tired of it, and, believing that he was belittling me, I said: 'Jake, your talk sounds like a challenge to me. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fight you. I want you to know that I ain't afraid of any man living.' 'But you're not in my class,' he answered. 'So much the better for you,' I replied. 'I think I can soon pull you down to my class.'"

HER MOTHER DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An officer of the Thirteenth Precinct, New York, found a sparsely clad woman wandering aimlessly along Manhattan avenue, near 122d street, shortly after midnight Sunday. She saw the officer approach, and started on a run up the avenue, with the blue coat in hot pursuit. It was a lively chase for a time, but the rough pavement was too much for her bare feet, and the officer soon caught her. She was taken to the station house, where she gave her name as Elizabeth Mitchell, 18 years of age. Later on Patrick Mangin called at the station and reported that she had escaped from his house. She was soon provided with clothes, and she was taken to the Harlem Court and committed for examination as to her sanity.

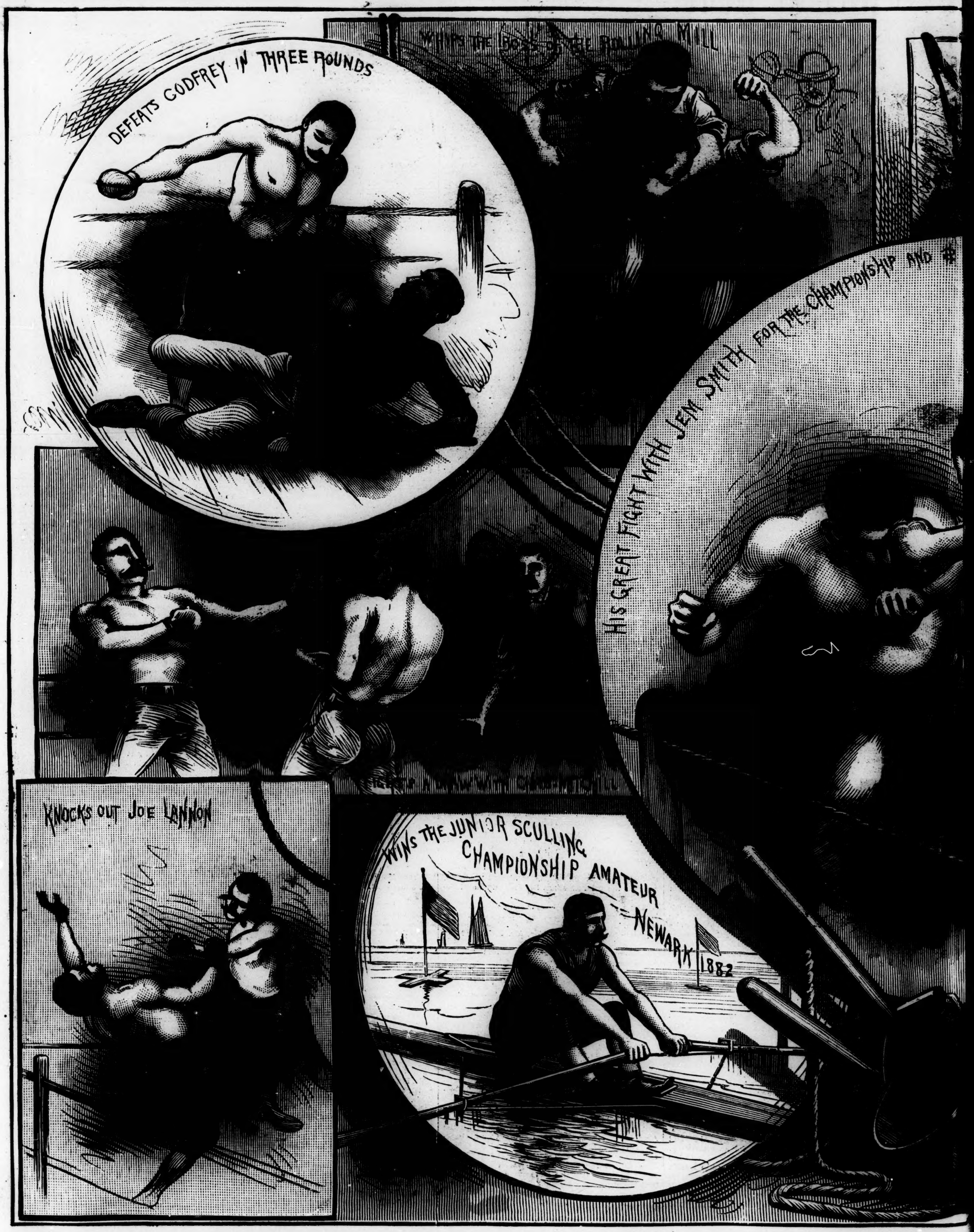
A HIDDEN ASSASSIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Between 10 and 11 o'clock Thursday night Messrs. Joseph Hoffman, of Brenham, Tex., Tax Assessor of Washington county, that State, and James Holt, a prominent planter, were sitting at the corner of Murphy's saloon on the public square in Brenham engaged in conversation, when shot from a shotgun heavily loaded with buckshot entered the bodies of the two gentlemen, instantly killing Mr. Hoffman and fatally wounding Mr. Holt. The shot came out of the darkness, and nothing can be learned as to the identity of the assassin. Mr. Hoffman was terribly wounded in a number of places. A buckshot entered Mr. Holt's throat just beneath the chin and passed entirely through the neck.

THANKS, MR. HOSKINS.

J. T. Hoskins, Phair, Tex., says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is the champion of American sporting papers."



JAKE KILRAIN'S PUGILISTI A

SOME NOTABLE EVENTS IN THE CAREER OF THE FAMOUS FIGHTER WHO HOLDS E

STIC AND ATHLETIC TRIUMPHS.

LDS E "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT, REPRESENTING THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

PUGILISTIC.

Conley, the Ithaca Giant, Goes to the Pacific Slope to Meet McAuliffe.

THE PRIZE RING BOOM.

Professor Geoghegan, of New York, and Tom Barry engaged in a blackened glove contest at the American Athletic Club, Butte City, on Sept. 3. Barry won. Barry has decided to make Butte City his residence.

Dooney Harris is to train Jack McAuliffe for his go with Billy Dacey. Dooney has handled some of the best men that ever pulled a shirt off in a ring, and his engagement shows that Jack means business and nothing else.

Jake Kilrain states he will not arrange any matches or appear at any exhibitions as a participant until the arrival of Charley Mitchell. Any one advertising the champion on his snow-bills will do well to make a note of this paragraph.

The N. Y. "Daily News" says: "There is no truth in the report telegraphed all over the United States that Jack Dempsey had challenged Jake Kilrain to battle for $2,500. Dempsey is well aware that he would be no match for Kilrain, and he has too much common sense to allow outsiders to drive him into arranging a match with a heavy-weight who ranks as the premier pugilist of the world."

On Sept. 3, at Quinnesec, there was a prize fight between Martin Shaughnessy and Charles Gaffney, both of Detroit. The fight was for a purse of $300 and gate receipts. One hundred and fifty men paid $2 each to see the mill. Gaffney weighed 142 pounds; Shaughnessy about 137. Both were in the pink of condition. Shaughnessy was the favorite at 2 to 1. It was a skin glove fight, and Shaughnessy was knocked out in the ninth round, for the first time in his pugilistic career.

If Tom Lees, the Australian, wants a fight, he will be accommodated by accepting the offer of a well-known sporting man in this city, who wants to match an unknown at 165 pounds to box Lees with two-ounce gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, the middle of October, at a place to be chosen within two weeks' time, on the following terms: That if Lees faces the unknown for ten rounds he shall receive $500 in cash and 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. In case he is knocked out of time before the end of the tenth round Lees will then redeive $350 in cash.

A glove contest was fought near Flatbush, L. I., on Sept. 11, between Jack Kelly, of Brooklyn, and Eddie Duffy, bantam-weight pugilists, weighing 114 pounds each, with 2-ounce gloves. Duffy forced the fighting from the start, and for 25 rounds kept Kelly on the detensive. In the 25th round Kelly turned about and attempted to force the fighting, but only got in a few body blows. In the next round Duffy rushed in on Kelly and landed a good one on his face, which Kelly returned with a shoulder blow. In the clinch which followed Duffy slipped and Kelly made a foul that the referee could not but notice, and the fight was awarded to Duffy. It lasted over 1 hour. There were about thirty spectators.

On Sept. 11 Jack Delancey, of Greenpoint, and Jack Gleason, of Albany, fought on Long Island for a purse of $200, and Delancey won in 3 rounds. Delancey is a pupil of Billy Dacey, and was seconded by his mentor. Jim Kelly seconded Gleason. A sport connected with the Century Club acted as referee. Skin-tight gloves were worn. Delancey weighed 120 pounds, and Gleason 130. The fight was sharp and decisive. The ring was pitched on the turf, and at 3 A. M. the men put up their hands for the mill. Delancey made the fight from the start, and before half of the first round had elapsed had Gleason well in hand and rapped him as he wanted through the 3 rounds until by a left-hand upper-cut, which caught Gleason under the point of the right jaw, he lifted him clean off his feet, dropping him over insensible, a clean knock-out.

The last number of the "Licensed Victuallers' Ga- zette" to hand, publishes the following: "The downward career of the great Boanerges Bouncer, J. L. Sullivan, should be a moral for all pugilists as showing that drunken braggadocio don't go down nowadays. Fined five and twenty bob for being drunk and disorderly, he takes a benefit which is patronized by 300 people. But he still bounces, and is putting himself into training—in a whiskey barrel, we wonder?—to fight either Kilrain or Mitchell, and still talks of twenty thousand dollars as he would of pebbles. But it's all the game of brag; for the man who would put his money upon this puffing walrus ought at once to be carried off to a lunatic asylum. It is to be hoped, however, that he will fight—that somebody will be found to punish this jelly bag. Talk about the game of brag, he can hardly beat Tom Lees at that. Tom seems to be going about the world fiercely demanding of every one: 'Can you fight?' And the moment any one squares up to him, turns upon his heel and cries: 'Then I shan't.' One day we hear of his being matched against this one and that, and now he refuses to go on with any of his matches."

The "Licensed Victuallers' Mirror" prints the fol- lowing: "'The Great Bombastic J. L. Sullivan' comes well from a sporting paper which called him 'The Fistic Marvel,' bossed his shows, created a marvellous record for the pugilist—which they specially issued with his portrait—and sent a special commissioner to meet him at Queenstown, to put the journal at his disposal. Now, be it known to all those who care about the knowledge, that Sullivan never gassed about himself. Whenever we were desirous of drawing from J. L. some information concerning his subsequent proceedings, he has invariably answered: 'I have no money. I guess I am in the hands of Phillips (his late manager), and I shall have to do whatever he desires.' Now, we do know for a fact that Sullivan was never responsible for the fulsome paragraphs which appeared in that paper which now calls him 'bombastic.' When he was training at Windsor, almost every day Mr. Holske, his advance agent, used to produce in writing cooked information for the aforesaid paper, to which John L. used to object, and say: 'It will be time enough to write all this when I am successful.'" The paper M. E. Sampson refers to is not the *Sporting Life*, London. Oh, no; but the *Sportsman*, of the same city.

Our correspondent in Boston writes the following:

BOSTON, Sept 15, 1888.

John L. Sullivan, with Mahoney, McElroy and Dan Murphy, will leave this city Monday for New York. On their arrival they will meet Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, and will post $1,000 in the *Clipper* office as a forfeit for Sullivan to fight Jake Kilrain according to London prize ring rules within one hundred miles of New Orleans for $2,500 to $10,000 a side and the championship of the world. It is reported here that George Law of New York and Charley Rempland of Brooklyn have agreed to find $10,000 for Sullivan, with the proviso that Joe Coburn shall be Sullivan's mentor.

On receipt of the dispatch the Associated Press called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to ascertain what action Kilrain would take in the matter. "Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, is in Constantinople," said W. E. Harding, "but should Sullivan issue a challenge, and a deposit is posted with the *Clipper*, the money will be covered, and Kilrain will arrange a match, providing Sullivan's party stipulates that the stakes shall be $5,000 or upwards, and London prize ring rules shall govern, and the battle ground is within a thousand miles of Chicago. Kilrain is the champion, and he has the privilege of dictating the terms, just the same as Sullivan did when he was the acknowledged champion. Kilrain is confident he can whip Sullivan."

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at St. Paul writes that Pat Killen has transferred his $1,000 forfeit for a fight with Kilrain to the New York *Clipper*. Killen insists on a fight with gloves, Queensberry rules, not mentioning the championship. Killen won the title of champion of the Northwest under these conditions. He is, besides a pugilist, a law-abiding citizen, and says he will not go into any kind of a fight which will endanger his liberty. He recognizes the danger in these days of getting off a bare knuckle fight or one under London prize ring rules, which is necessarily to a finish, and maintains that a man's supremacy over his antagonist can just as well be decided under conditions within the law, and publicly, as to try to evade the law and ever thereafter be a criminal. Pat is enthusiastic over the art, but is a big-hearted, honest fellow who thinks a good deal of his wife and his hereafter. The position he takes regarding fights contrary to law no doubt meets with approval by a large majority of the admirers of the manly art. Bare knuckle prize fights have long been relegated to the unlawful and criminal, and he proposes to have nothing to do with either. But he is, nevertheless, a clever sparrer, and is willing to go in to the ring under proper conditions, and face his opponent for a sufficient number of rounds to decide which is the better man. The majority of ring patrons prefer this style of doing things, for they can become spectators without being afraid of arrest, fine or imprisonment.

Jack Havlin and Frank Murphy are to fight a sec- ond time for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the feather-weight championship of the world, and $4,000. The backers of both pugilists met at Mystic Park, Boston, on Sept. 10, and decided to have the battle come off about the first week in October. The fight, like the first one, will be fought near New York, and a well-known boating man of this city is empowered to select the battle ground. After the first battle between these plucky fighters, the sporting men of the country expressed the opinion that the men would never fight again for the championship. It looked so much that way that the California Athletic Club of San Francisco offered to give a $1,000 purse for a fight between Havlin and Tommy Warren, at their rooms, Sept. 28. Tom O'Rourke, the backer of Havlin, informed the members of the club that the purse was too small. The club then telegraphed O'Rourke that they would give $1,250, the winner to take $1,000 and the loser $250. This offer would have been accepted by Havlin but for his fight with Murphy. The backers of Murphy have for over a week been trying to induce Havlin's backers to draw down the forfeit that was in the hands of the stakeholder. If the Murphy people had made the same proposition yesterday the backer of Havlin would have accepted it and then have telegraphed the California club that Havlin would go to 'Frisco and fight Warren. Young Griffin, the clever feather-weight of Braintree, will now probably be selected to face Warren. Tom Higham, the backer of Griffin, has been corresponding with the club about a fight for his man, and they promised him the first chance. As this is the first the club will probably keep its promise.

Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, who is matched to fight Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Coast, according to the rules of the London prize ring for $2,000, recently left Ashland, Wis., for the Pacific Slope. Before Conley left his place of business he was beseiged by scores of friends who came to shake his hand and bid him God speed. He was escorted to the train by twelve or fifteen intimate acquaintances to see him off. He was attired in a light-colored travelling suit, with a neat flannel shirt and a natty necktie. He looked the picture of health and said he never felt better. To a reporter he said just before the train pulled out: "After a day's stay in St. Paul I will go direct through to Salt Lake City, and thence to San Francisco. I will employ a good man there to train me—probably Godfrey, the colored pugilist—and will go to work right off in some suburb of 'Frisco. I think I shall weigh about 190 pounds when I go into the ring with McAuliffe. He is, I think, about two inches taller than I, and will probably weigh 200 pounds in condition. Whip him? Well, of course I hope I will. From the match he made with Glover I feel confident I can, but, of course, there are accidents. McAuliffe is loose and has a long reach, but by close fighting I think I can best him." Articles will be signed by the two men immediately on Conley's arrival at San Francisco. The match is to be London prize ring rules, for a purse of $2,000 offered by the California Athletic Club, which is a great promoter of manly sport, and which is composed of some of the wealthiest men in the Gate City. It will take place October 16th.

Prize ring history repeats itself. In 1868, when Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant; Joe Wormald, an aspirant for the championship of England, and, later, when Jem Mace came to this country, there were challenges and matches proposed by these great guns of the P. R., which eventually led to Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin ratifying a match which created a furore both in this country and in England. The battle was fought at Lynn, Mass., and ended in a draw by the police stopping the fight and arresting the principals. Both men were put under bonds. Wormald vamoosed to Canada, and O'Baldwin served a term of imprisonment. Later, Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin were matched, but although the rivals met in the ring, there was no fight, because neither would agree to a referee. The great interest manifested over these great fistic encounters at that time is now having a parallel in that created by the challenges that are being issued by Sullivan, Conley, Killen, Dempsey, etc. In fact never was there such a boom in prize ring matters as at the present time. Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, is matched to fight Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Slope, for $2,500. Jack McAuliffe and Billy Dacey are matched to fight for $1,000 and the "Police Gazette" belt, which is the emblem of the light-weight championship of America. Jack Havlin and Frank Murphy, the latter the feather weight champion of England, and the former the feather-weight champion of America, are matched to fight for $4,000 and the "Police Gazette" belt, which represents the feather-weight championship of America. Moreover, a match is proposed between Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and John L. Sullivan, for $10,000. Another match is to be arranged between Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, and Charley Mitchell, on the latter's arrival from England. Other minor matches are to be arranged, which goes to show that the prize ring is still one of the most important features of sport, and that the manly art is still as popular as in days of yore.

At Broad Ripple, Ind., on Sept. 7, Thomas Miller, the well-known feather-weight, and George Siddons, the feather-weight champion of Illinois, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, for $250 a side and gate money. About 500 sports—bartenders, bankers, merchants, baseball players, gamblers and a few shovers of the quill—congregated in the pavilion on the grounds of Crone & Dippel, at this place, to witness the fight. The crowd came from Indianapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. While the police were watching every movement of the crowd, intent on preventing the fight, Miller and Siddons changed clothes and escaped. They were driven rapidly to the iron bridge, four miles northeast of Broad Ripple. A "square" ring, 18 feet by 18 feet, was made by ropes stretched across the bridge. They fought upon the square—a round ring being impossible in the middle of the bridge. Torches and lanterns furnished the light. All being ready, the fight began. In the first round Miller forced his antagonist against the ropes and showed an aggressive disposition from the start. Miller went for Siddons' head, while the latter dealt his opponent heavy body blows, and gave some very effective ones in the short ribs. Siddons seemed to have the best wind and his head control was superior, while Miller was superior in science. Siddons, too, had better seconds, and was better handled. As a rule Siddons hit for the body, while Miller played at his antagonist's face. Siddons was on the defensive throughout the fight. The second round was uneventful, except that Miller continued to rain blows about Siddons' neck and head, while the latter sought to knock his opponent out by heavy body blows. The third was a repetition of the second, and Miller got in some terrible work, but no blood was drawn. In the fourth clinches seemed to be in order, and Miller very nearly struck Siddons foul while the latter was down. The fifth witnessed more clinching, and Miller got in some very good work. It now became evident that Miller would win, except in a foul, and wagers were freely made on the result. Both were prompt when time was called on the sixth round, and Miller got the advantage in this by driving several hard blows into Siddons. The latter's agility saved him several knock-down blows. In the seventh round clinching was indulged in, neither getting the advantage. The referee was kept busy breaking them apart, and he seemed well pleased to have the fight over. In the eighth round Miller struck Siddons when the latter was down and the referee on top of both of them, and the fight was given to Siddons on a foul.

A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

J. T. Hoskins, Phair, Tex., says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is the champion of American sporting papers."

SPORTING.

Charles A. Percy Makes a Perilous Voyage Through Niagara's Whirlpool Rapids.

HARTFORD'S BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.

Garrison is to ride for August Belmont next season.

Chas. Ross, of Butte City, has organized the Ameri- can Athletic Club. It has 250 members.

Jack Dowd is keeping the Bank Exchange, Butte City. It is the headquarters for all sporting men.

Prof. Harry Umlah, the well-known pugilist, has opened his new boxing academy at 54 Union Square.

Johnny Newell, of Pittsburgh, trainer, second, pugilist and pedestrian from away back, is now a resident of this city.

Billy Hennessey and Pat Ryan fought seven rounds near Kansas City on Sept. 9, when the Sheriff with a posse stopped the fight.

Proctor Knott, the winner of the Futurity stakes, got $41,675; Salvator, the second horse, $3,050, and Galen, $1,700—making the value of the stake $46,725.

O'Connor announces that he will give Gaudaur five seconds' start in a three mile race, or ten seconds in four miles, and row him on any fair lake course for $1,000 a side.

Since August 11, Jockey Barnes has won upward of 20 races, the value of which aggregates close to $100,000. No jockey in the country has ever made a record approaching this.

Frank Steele, of Boston, and Tommy Danforth, of New York, fought sixteen rounds with three ounce gloves to a draw at the rooms of the Fair Play Club, Boston, on September 14.

Frank Stevenson desires to return thanks through the POLICE GAZETTE to Jake Kilrain for the colors of Smith and Mitchell, and those of the champion himself, presented to him by the latter.

H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., is out with a challenge in an eastern paper to wrestle any man in the world, and the same paper gives Dufur nearly a page describing his matches, etc.

Jimmy McLaughlin, the holder of the "Police Ga- zette" diamond whip, is now riding in great form. On Sept. 15, at the Coney Island Jockey Club, he had six mounts and rode four winners.

Spofford's victory in the Hartford $10,000 Guar- anteed race was a great surprise to the "talent." It was undoubtedly the best race of his life and a source of gratification to his owner, G. B. Houston.

C. H. McConnell, of Chicago, representing a syndi- cate of New York and Boston men, has secured Madison Square Garden for the week of Oct. 7, and proposes to give a six days' race on the roadscuiler, or land-rowing tricycle, a recent American invention.

Wonderful if true. Wm. O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, rowed the course on which John Teemer defeated Edward Hanlan for the championship recently in 19 minutes 1¾ seconds, and was not pumped out at the finish. If O'Connor did accomplish this performance he is a likely candidate for the single scull championship.

On Sept. 14, for a wager, and to beat 62 minutes, the best previous time made by Col. Browne's team, George E. Rebell, treasurer of the Berkshire Woolen Company, drove a team from Curtis' Hotel, Lenox, to the Berkshire House, Great Barrington, in 53 minutes 13 seconds. The distance is 14 miles, and the time made is the best on record.

At Coney Island, on Sept. 15, Miss Alice Ward of Coney Island and Miss Daisy Blankley swam one mile and three-eighths, and Miss Ward won. Miss Alice is the daughter of Dr. J. H. Ward of Coney Island, nearly 18 years old. Daisy Blankley, on the other hand, is a mere child in years and form. She is the daughter of W. H. Blankley of Fort Hamilton. She is only 12 years old.

In the third race at the race track, Boston, on Sept. 11, there was a sickening piling up of horse-flesh on the track, and the valuable horses were so badly injured that they will probably have to be killed. Joe Cotton was leading the field when he stumbled and fell. Sam Keene was so close behind that it was impossible to turn aside, and he fell headlong over Cotton. Joe Cotton's shoulder was broken and Sam Keene received internal injuries. The boys who rode were unhurt.

Peter Miller, the well-known sporting man, com- mitted suicide recently by cutting his throat. Before he committed the rash act he ate dinner at Delmonico's with Bill Barnes, of Louisville, the well-known turfman, and borrowed a hundred from him over the table. When he finally determined to end his life he sent the money back to Barnes with an explanatory note, saying: "Dear Bill—I return the hundred I borrowed from you. I don't think I'll have any use for it where I am going."

At Hartford, Conn., on Sept. 14, Elda B. won the 2:23, Jack the $5,000 purse, and Roy Wilkes the 2:17 pacing. The pacer Johnston made a successful effort to beat the quarter-mile record between heats with running mate. After a warming up mile he was let out at the three-quarter post and came down to the wire in 29¼ seconds—the fastest time for the distance ever made on any track in the world. Guy was sent a mile between heats with running mate to beat his record of 2:15, but failed, his time being 33¾, 1:08¼, 1:43, 2:16½.

Recently Poteen, the speedy colt of the Hyde Park stable, won a mile race at the West Side Park, Chicago, under peculiar circumstances. After nearly five furlongs had been run, Poteen went down on his nose and knees, and it was thought for an instant that he was done for. Overton, who was riding, stuck to the saddle, cleverly raised the horse, sent him along fast, and finally landed him a winner. This is the first time that the oft-quoted feat of falling down and then beating the field was ever performed on a running track.

On Sept. 13 a novel race took place between horse and bicycle from Silver City, N. M., to Denning, 50 miles. The course was over a rough mountain road and long stretches of sand. Kennedy, a professional bicyclist from Denver, who holds the all-round championship of the State of Colorado, rode the bicycle. The horse won. Time, 3 hours 40 minutes. The bicycle's time was 4 hours 40 minutes. About $10,000 changed hands in the city. The bicycle was the favorite. Horsemen claim this is the best time on record for the distance.

The following explains itself:

SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—I, the undersigned, challenge any man in Michigan to a square heel-and-toe walking match, to take place in any of the cities of the State, for the entire gate receipts, or will make a series of races at different distances. I would much prefer to arrange a race with Anton Strokel, of Saginaw. ASA J. ELLSWORTH,

Champion square heel-and-toe pedestrian of Michigan.

Potterville, Mich.

Sam Bryant, on being asked if Proctor Knott, the Futurity winner, would run again this season, said: "No, I reckon not. What's the use of sweatin' such a hoss as that for a little money? We'll let him up until next season. He'd ought to make a great three-year-old. They do say Luke Blackburn colts can't stay. But when they're out of Tom mares they'll stay far enough. I wouldn't have bought Knott if he hadn't been out of a Tom mare." "Shall you bring him East next season?" "Oh, yes; the East is the place for a man that has a good hoss, but he'll meet all his Western engagements."

Letters for the following persons have been re- ceived at this office, and will be forwarded to the proper address on receipt of postage: Frank Arnheim, Frank Beyer, Jack Connor, Arthur Chambers, Francis J. Clark, F. A. Davenport, Jas H. Eldridge, Timothy J. Fox (2), Charles Folks, John Flood, Wm. Graham (4), Peter Golden, J. W. Griffin, C. F. Gibson, Wm. Gore, John F. Hartnett (2), Geo. Harvey, F. Harmon, H. Kittleman, T. Kelly, Jas. Leogue, J. A. Lightfoot, Tobey Lyons, Chas. Penn, S. D. Rogers (2), Jos. P. Ryan (2), Wallace Ross, Duncan C. Ross, Abe Spitz, Jacob Schaffer, Fred W. Stone, C. W. Terwilliger, Norman Taylor, Frank Vanness, H. C. Williamson (2).

At Sheepshead Bay, on Sept. 15, Firenzi, the grand- est filly ever bred on this continent, won the great Long Island Stakes, at heats of one mile and a furlong, beating the best field of distance horses in training with the greatest ease. She carried the heavy impost of 125 pounds, and gave away lumps of weight to each of her rivals, and ran the first heat in 1:36 and the second in 1:56 3-5. Brown Duke, next to Firenzi, ran the best race. The race was worth about $6,000 to the winner. Wahoo won last year, after Lady Primrose had won the first heat in 1:55, in 1:55 and 1:59, beating Exile, Elkwood and Binnette. The race was then worth $2,515 to the winner, but the added money was only $2,500 against $5,000 this year.

Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., and Denny Need- ham, of St. Paul, fought twenty rounds on Sept. 14 in Washington Rink, Minneapolis, at the end of which Myers was awarded the contest on points, he failing to knock his man out. The fight was with small gloves, $1,000 a side, 75 and 25 per cent. of the gate receipts, and the light-weight championship of the Northwest. Needham got first blood in the second round by a right-hand blow on Myers' cheek. In the eleventh round Myers went at his man viciously and pounded him right and left. The rest of the fight was about an even thing. There was not a knock down in the fight. At the end of the twentieth round both men were fresh and could have fought twenty more rounds. The referee then decided in Myers' favor, he having done the most work and gained the most points.

In the bicycle tournament at Hartford, Conn., on Sept. 11, the starters in the one-mile championship race were: R. A. Neilson, W. A. Rowe, H. G. Crocker, Ralph Temple, W. F. Knapp, W. S. Morgan, Jack Lee, Jules Dubois. Morgan set out with the lead at a rattling pace, but was passed on the turn by Lee, who made the first quarter in 40¼ seconds. Lee then relinquished the lead to Morgan, but spurted to the front again at the half-mile post, where he was clocked in 1:31¼. The field rode easily all this time, and not until after Lee had passed the mile post in 2:17 did the men bestir themselves. Then Rowe showed a fine burst of speed which put him to the front with everybody after him. On the homestretch he gained a lead of a clear length from the field. Crocker and Knapp were close behind, and then began one of the hottest races ever run. Rowe succeeded in passing Temple 100 yards from home, but the little fellow responded gallantly and came to the fore again. Down the stretch the two men flew, their heads almost in line, and the spokes in their lightning revolving wheels seeming like one blaze of light. Ten yards from the finish Temple led by half a foot, when Rowe made the spurt of his life and won the championship of America with but three inches to spare. Knapp was third, Crocker fourth and Lee fifth. Time 2:50 3-5. The last quarter was done in 33¾ seconds.

In the military rifle match at Fort Niagara, Sept. 13, the shooting was at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. The men shot in couples with six targets. Interest centered in the record of Private Foley, Troop C, Second Cavalry, Division of the Pacific. The Pacific division men swept everything before them, carrying off all the gold medals. The fight on the finals this morning between Sergeant Miller, Corporal Dell and Private Foley, all of the Second Cavalry, was a pretty one. First one or the other would lead, and the result was not determined until the last shot at 600 yards was fired. Miller, however, proved the better. Dell takes two gold medals away with him, and was the pet of his team. The Division of the Missouri men took the silver medals, and the Division of the Atlantic men trailed out with good records, but no prizes. The army record of all previous shoots was broken. The best previous record was 478, made at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in September of 1886, and was conducted by Colonel Blount. All the men but one on the team of 1888 beat this record. The final scores were as follows: Sergeant George Miller, Division Pacific, 537; Corporal Adam Dell, Division Pacific, 536; Private John Foley, Division Pacific, 535; Lieutenant M. W. Day, Division Missouri, 529; Sergeant G. N. King, Division Missouri, 524; Lieutenant Cecil Stewart, Division Missouri, 523; Lieutenant Irving Hale, Division Atlantic, 511; Sergeant L. D. Teal, Division Pacific, 508; Sergeant Charles Palmer, Division Missouri, 507; Farrier Joseph Hughes, Division Missouri, 507; Lieutenant Joseph Garsard, Division Missouri, 481; Corporal John N. Hill, Divison Atlantic, 463.

"Cestus" thus writes in the New York "Daily News," Sept. 13: "A few days ago I read in the *News* that Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, intended to match John L. Sullivan against Jake Kilrain to contest for $10,000 and the championship of the world. There was a flourish of trumpets over the announcement, and the forfeit money was to be posted at once. Since then I have not read that Johnson has put up a forfeit or that Sullivan has issued a challenge. Probably many readers of the *News* are eager to know if Johnson's offer was what sporting men call a 'bluff,' or is there any prospect of Sullivan being matched against the champion." The *Daily News* replies to "Cestus" as follows: "Johnson has announced that he intended to match Sullivan against Kilrain for $10,000, but, judging from the fact that the Brooklyn sporting man has so far failed to put up any money with the New York *Clipper*, it looks as if the offer was buncombe. Kilrain is ready any time to meet Sullivan, and would sooner face the ex-champion in the orthodox 24-foot ring than any man living. It is not his place to issue a challenge, but he is compelled to accept any challenge when the party challenging puts up a forfeit and challenges him according to the rules governing the championship. Kilrain will meet any man in the world according to London rules for any sum from $2,500 to $10,000 a side, the Richard K. Fox diamond belt, and the championship of the world, the New York *Clipper* to be stakeholder, and the battle to be decided in three or four or six months from signing articles, within 1,000 miles of Chicago. Upon these conditions, which appear fair, any pugilist eager to meet the champion can arrange a match."

Chas. A. Percy made a successful trip through the rapids at Niagara Falls on Saturday in a boat. It was taken to the Maid of the Mist landing, and launched at 3:26. The forward air compartment had been punctured and partly filled with water. This was bailed out, and the ours fixed. At 4:15 George Cheshire, H. G. Richardson and William Lahey shoved the boat out into the river. It contained 800 pounds of ballast, and a 70-pound iron weight was used as a drag. Percy rowed to the centre of the stream, and at 4:20 fastened his oars and crawled into a hammock in the rear compartment of the boat. At 4:26 the craft passed under the cantilever and railway suspension bridges, going very rapidly and turning around in the eddies in a dizzy way. A few seconds later it struck the first great wave of the rapids. A cry of horror went up from the spectators on the lower bank when the craft spun around in the waves and continued submerged. When it came to the surface it floated keel uppermost for quite a distance. After a terrible tossing, which lasted 4 minutes, the boat was tossed into the big maelstrom and floated easily around. The water was several feet lower than usual, and the boat grazed the rocks dangerously near, threatening every second to dash it to pieces, and end Percy's career. The craft eddied in the whirlpool until 6:30, and then Dan Elsheimer and William Adams got it in comparatively still water, and towed it around the point into a current that would carry it to the Devil's Rapids. They narrowly escaped going along. Percy's boat grazed rock after rock, and was capsized repeatedly. He had gone but a little distance when the manhole cover was dashed to pieces by coming in contact with a rock, and the air chamber filled with water. Percy crawled out and clung to the craft for dear life. When near the Devil's Hole he became partly exhausted, and could no longer hold on, as the waves threw the boat about. Then he let go of the boat and swam three miles further down stream, where at 7:30 Fisherman John Gillette picked him up more dead than alive. He was rowed rapidly to Waggoner's Hotel at Lewiston, and was with difficulty revived. When able to speak he told the story of his battle for life. In the upper rapids he was terribly tossed about, but the lower ones, he said, were still more terrible. Most of the trip was made in the dark.

CLEVELAND AND THURMAN PORTRAITS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman. Size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

REFEREE.

"Pendragon" Makes a Very Pertinent Inquiry Touching the Honesty of American Scullers.

McLAUGHLIN'S LITTLE PILE.

I have frequently had occasion to give illustrations of the marvellous ingenuity of the blackleg tribe, but it would be difficult to surpass the following: One day in London a certain turfite, whom I will call Smith, paid a visit to one of those persons who are usually spoken of as being "something in the city," and imparted to him a very important discovery he had made, which was no less than how always to back the right horse. "It's infallible," he said; "come with me to the club, and do exactly as I tell you, and I'll guarantee that you are right."

* * *

Off they went to the Albert, that noted sporting club, and arrived there just before noon. "Now," said Smith, "the final list of starters for the first race will be telegraphed in a few minutes; I shall select the winner; you can follow my lead and go in for all you can." In another minute, ting, ting, ting, went the electric bell, and every one rushed to the machine. The tape gave only five horses. Smith, who had been the first to get to it, called out in an instant, "Two to one on Diddle Daddle."

* * *

As Diddle Daddle was a rank outsider, and there was a favorite whom every one said must win, every one was eager to accommodate the gentleman—or rather gentlemen—for Jones echoed the offer. Scarcely had the bets been booked when again the signal sounded, and the next moment it was known that Diddle Daddle was first. For three more races that day did Smith name the winner, and when the two confederates separated, they were each richer by nearly five hundred pounds than when they met in the morning.

* * *

The City man was now very eager to know how the trick was done, but as Smith took a good percentage upon the transaction he evaded his inquiries. "That's my secret," he said; "perhaps it's clairvoyance—never mind what; as I tell you, it never fails." For about a month the City office saw but little of our gentleman, and during that time he made a nice little pile. One day he received a note from Smith; it was brief but alarming: "The gaff is blown; I'm going to hook it. I should advise you to do the same." Though he was still ignorant of the true nature of the swindle, the City man thought it prudent to take the hint.

* * *

It had all been worked by telegraph clerks in the following way: A race being fixed for, say twelve o'clock, a few minutes before the time the starters would be wired, but instead of doing this, the clerk delayed the transmission until the race was actually run, and then the name of the winner had a minute dash against it, so slight that only one in the secret could discover it. After sufficient time had elapsed to nail the Jugginses, the name of the winner was duly telegraphed. This was done only once during the day at the same club, but a similar game was played at three or four others. A sharp Israelite having noticed a delay on one or two occasions, set himself to watch, and by and by bowled out the conspiracy. The clubs were prosecuted, but the men who had made the booty got off scot free.

* * *

"Pendragon" says: "Is there such a thing as an honest professional sculler in America? So far as the samples we have seen here, and from what we know of the other side, we should not hesitate to declare that we don't believe there ain't no such pusson. Against this sweeping condemnation a Canadian friend begs us to make exception of O'Connor, the Toronto man engaged to race Teemer. His match with the McKeesport mercenary is, by the way, not at all as represented at first. They are to scull 3 miles instead of a mile, and, so we are told, for the championship of America. O'Connor, who has been looking for a straight match for a long while, thought he might get on one in England, but found his mistake. He is represented to us as being that paragonic rarity—a morally straight sculler. If that be so, and the Canadian is as good as his countryman assures us that he is, there may be rare doings before long.

* * *

"Any one who can beat Teemer must be as able as scullers are made nowadays, and if we had one equal to that standard we should not be at all afraid to match him against Peter Kemp. As Englishmen we must all hope that O'Connor may justify the friendly estimate of his powers and integrity. To a great extent it would not—as matters stand, with not one decent-class sculler in the old country—be of much consequence whether O'Connor or Kemp were champion of the world. Yankeeland would not be the licker of its own continent, not to mention the lesser territory marked on the map as Creation. Our Colonies are certainly welcome to fight out questions of supremacy among themselves till such time as this played-out old country can produce a champion at first hand."

* * *

William O'Connor, of Toronto, now claims the sculling championship of America. He gave John Teemer ample time, he claims, to complete arrangements for the match to which he challenged him.

* * *

O'Connor is going steadily towards the top, but beating Jake Gaudaur don't put him there by a large majority. John Teemer is the man that's got to be defeated before Toronto can claim another champion, and when that is done there's a party in Australia that is worthy of the most serious consideration of an aspiring champion.

* * *

Hanlan and Kemp will meet again for $5,000 and the championship of the world September 28. The odds at present are about two to one on Kemp, yet in the face of all this there is a wonderful change of opinion in certain quarters about Hanlan's chances. It is said that he did not by any means row up to his proper form in the last race between the pair, and it would not be a matter for great surprise if the Canadian this time turned the tables on his Australian conqueror. Some of the sporting fraternity across the border are amazingly cautious, and in spite of all the melancholy references to Hanlan's failing powers and lost prestige lately penned by them, at the first hint of a possibility of Ned's redeeming himself they take the alarm and hasten to hedge on their former speculation by uttering vague possibilities.

* * *

I hope Hanlan will capture the race, and can hardly fancy him trying again unless he was very confident of success, for it's a very expensive operation going to Australia and losing such matches. That Hanlan at his best could defeat Kemp goes without saying, but whether or no he can come near enough to his best form now is a question that will be answered on the day of the race. It would be a great thing could he return with the championship, and to a surety would make a boom in American aquatics for next season, for there would needs be some most interesting struggles before it was decided whether Teemer, Hanlan or O'Connor should claim the title.

* * *

In my own private opinion, Kemp is a really first-class man, though I don't for a moment believe he is equal to what Hanlan was a few years ago. If Hanlan was really off in the last race and starts in good form for this, it should be a very close squeeze for Kemp to avoid defeat. Anyway, bar accidents, it should forever settle the question of Hanlan's present ability as a sculler.

* * *

He made the match with his eyes open and after thoroughly testing his man, he has had every opportunity to get perfectly trained and acclimatized, and if he has to yield to Kemp again he may as well sell his outfit and quit rowing satisfied that his day has passed away once and for all. If he wins, there will be a right glorious triumph and a case of bull-dog pluck in hanging on after friends and all had figuratively thrown up the sponge. But win or lose, unless some serious accident occurs, there will be no chance for further explanations or excuse. He must win this time or accept the final verdict and the portion of a champion who has stayed in the arena too long.

* * *

Among the many trades and professions and modes of earning a livelihood or a competence which are open to youths, there is hardly any in which marked ability, perseverance and integrity are so well rewarded and lead to prosperity and comparative opulence as in that of the professional jockey. Yes, although this is the case, it is also true that there is hardly any vocation which exposes its followers to so much temptation to deviate from the right path.

* * *

Thus a lad who shows courage and ability upon horseback gets into a stable ere he has received the rudiments of education, and perhaps before his moral sense has been cultivated in any way. He roughs it among the ordinary stable lads, and learns all the evil they know, be it much or little. Showing ability in riding work he soon gets a mount in public, and his employer allows him to ride other people's horses, and sometimes gives him a show on one of his own. Ere long he wins a race.

* * *

If it is on a favorite, besides his winning fee he is sure to get presents from those who have backed his mount, whilst should he get home on a rank outsider, the ring, or rather some of its members, encourage the lad to do so again by making him a present. With a second or third success soon occurring, he looks for and receives like treatment, has a host of followers, flatterers, and adulators; is asked to drink with one and another, and, if not strong minded, becomes fond of liquor and greedy for coin; while in and near great cities other and more seductive inducements help him on the downward path. If he is a weekly servant, as most lads now are, unscrupulous owners or trainers soon seduce him from his first employment, and he becomes a rolling stone, staying for no length of time in any place, and falling into habits of dissipation which render his downfall a certainty.

* * *

If he is not a weekly servant, and is bound to his first employer, he is still subject to hosts of temptations, and may yield to them. Perhaps he rides a horse for his master, which is not thoroughly well, and he is told not to knock him about if he finds him beaten. One who has backed his mount, or laid against the favorite, promises him a sum of money to win.

* * *

He tries his horse at the distance, and finds him in trouble, but the promised reward tempts him, and he sits down and savagely gruels the horse home with whip and spur, and one or two of the beaten division pulling off, he gains third honors, having ruined his horse and the owner's prospect of winning when the horse has got well, even should he recover from the effect of the useless punishment he has received. Finding that, in the cant of the turf, he "listens to reason," his next temptation comes when he rides a favorite. Then one who is bad against it or one who has backed another heavily, bribes him to stop the horse he rides; or if he is not on a favorite, to get in the road of a horse that is; and his purse is replenished with ill-gotten wealth.

* * *

It soon becomes an open secret that he cannot be trusted, hence his downward path is rapid. That "evil communications corrupt good manners" is more applicable to those making their debut as jockeys than of almost any other class of lads, and it behooves those who rule the turf to see what steps can be taken to prevent the contaminating influences above described exerting their power upon the lads.

* * *

The enormous increase in the number of race meetings now held has, of course, increased the difficulties in dealing with this matter. But even allowing this, such difficulties as these are not insuperable.

* * *

It must be admitted, of course, that in many stables boys are to a great extent protected from exterior influences. In these no lad is engaged in the first instance except as an apprentice for a fixed term of years. They are not allowed to visit the metropolis unaccompanied. Their tuition and education are looked to, and their *morale* cultivated. Such stables, alas! are few and far between, and the discipline they impose does not make them popular with boys, although they ultimately learn its benefits.

* * *

But something more than this is necessary, and it behooves those who regulate and legislate for our turf to take this matter into their serious consideration.

* * *

The first step necessary is to pass a rule preventing any lad now unlicensed under the age of twenty receiving a license as a jockey or riding in a race until he has served, or while he is serving, his apprenticeship in a training stable for a term of not less than three years. Secondly, that while in such apprenticeship he shall only be at liberty to ride such horses as his employer may direct, and that all moneys he may earn for riding shall be payable to his employer, to be put in bank for the jockey's benefit at the expiration of his term of apprenticeship.

* * *

Regulations which will guard the eleves in the ranks of our horsemen from temptation and its consequences are urgently required, and surely among those who are our turf legislators there are men of enough practical ability to frame such rules as shall give much needed protection to the employer and the lad.

* * *

John Dowling, the Chicago sporting man now on the Eastern racing circuit, has felt blue and disgruntled for a month. En route to Sheepshead Bay a couple of days ago, John brightened up long enough to narrate the following: "Sam Bryant and I were together a great deal at Saratoga a few weeks ago. Sam was preparing his Proctor Knott for the Junior Champion race at Monmouth Park, and I, having some $10,000 or $12,000 which my book was not clamoring for, intended to back Knott for Sam and myself.

* * *

"The day before setting out for Monmouth, Sam took the youngster over to the training track to determine whether he was good enough to carry any money. He showed pretty well on the trial, considering the track, but Sam said he would not do, and wound up with: 'Between ourselves, John, put something on Oregon for the place; he is a certainty.'

* * *

"I felt sorry for Sam, but all the same I did want to back his colt to beat anything they could trot out at Monmouth. The night before the race I thought of Knott almost continually, and his big, bald face half haunted me. The next day the odds were 12 to 1 against him. Two or three times I was on the verge of taking a flyer of a few thousands about him, but did not, and he won in a walk. I could have won $50,000 apiece for Sam and myself just as easy as turning my hand over, had he only given the word."

* * *

Two years ago Dowling permitted another golden opportunity to pass him by. The occasion was American Derby Day at Chicago. He liked Lucky Baldwin's Silver Cloud for the race, but the odds of 20 to 1 against frightened him off, he backed Haggin's Ben All for big money, and Silver Cloud won.

* * *

McLaughlin has made a pile of money during the ten years he was with the Dwyers, but it is said that he has not got it now, and instead of being the wealthy man he should be, he is poor. If so, I am sorry for it. He was a great rider and had splendid opportunities, and if he is really stalling off now it is a pity that he has not a handsome fortune salted down to ease the loss of the old-time triumphs. But no doubt it is a hard matter for jockeys to save money. They are surrounded by temptations to spend it right and left; they make large incomes and are accustomed to seeing money tossed about as though it represented nothing of value, and it must indeed be a difficult thing for your crack jockey to realize, as he speeds down the stretch, greeted with the cheers of thousands and the admired of all beholders, that a day will surely come in nine cases out of ten where nature will rebel against the wasting and reducing, and his nerve fail, or his body absolutely refuse to scale within the required limit.

CHAMPION OF PAPERS.

J. T. Hoskins, Phair, Tex., says: "The POLICE GAZETTE is the champion of American sporting papers."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prince Wilkes and His Wonderful Pedigree--A General in the Army of Trotters.

MANY QUERIES ANSWERED.

D. J., Boston.—No.

J. E. C., Troy, N. Y.—Yes.

DOMINO, Altoona, Pa.—Yes.

J. W. B., Louisville, Ky.—No.

D. J. S., Altoona, Pa.—Aces lose.

J. K., Troy, N. Y.—There are no letters.

L. F., Allegheny, Pa.—He is entitled to both.

J. M., New Bedford.—Letter received. Thanks.

J. J., Cohoes, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain is the champion.

J. W. S., Dayton, O.—We do not supply back numbers.

W. J. B., Burlington, Ia.—Duncan C. Ross holds that title.

L., Elmira, N. Y.—The population of Alabama in 1880 was 1,262,344.

A READER, St. Joseph, La.—21¾, by Belle, at Galveston, Tex., July 3, 1880.

C. P. P., U. S. S. Saratoga, Portsmouth, N. H.—At Williamsburgh, N. Y.

L. R. L., Waterbury, Conn.—Send $2 and we will mail you the standard book.

J. B., Krebs, Indian Territory.—The referee's decision settled the matter. A won.

D. J., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Nellie Sontag and Sir Mohawk are valued at $25,000.

F. W., Bank street, Leicester.—Letter received. Thanks. No such box was received.

T. L., Hickory Ridge, Pa.—Capt. Webb met his death July 24, 1883, in Niagara rapids.

W. P. O., Florence, Wis.—Jim Fell fights at about 154 pounds. 2. Not that we are aware of.

W. H., San Francisco.—1. Thanks for item. 2. The San Francisco papers can inform you.

BANCHO, Springfield, Ill.—Abe Hicken, who is in Australia, was in this country in 1883, and B wins.

CHIT, Newport, Ky.—1. Jem Mace fought Tom Allen at New Orleans in May, 1870. 2. No. 3. Joe Goss.

M. W. C., Omaha.—Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin did enter a ring to fight in this country, and G loses.

M. J., Alton, Ill.—Peter Jackson and George Godfrey, the colored pugilists, have, we understand, organized a combination.

A. B. C., Sacramento, Cal.—Patsy Hogan did hold the lightweight championship of the Pacific slope, and retired unconquered.

W. J., Chicago.—It is now denied that Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, agreed to find $10,000 for John L. Sullivan to fight Jake Kilrain.

J. W. M., Omaha.—Dannie H. Needham, the pugilist, was born in Philadelphia. He now claims Logansport, Ind., as his headquarters.

S. S., Fall River, Mass.—Send on a deposit and we will publish your challenge. Unless a deposit is posted with a challenge such defis amount to nothing.

M. J. S., Harrisburg.—The value of the recent English Derby, won by the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, was £3,675. Lord Lyons' Derby was worth £7,360.

M. J. D. and B. S., Covington, Ky.—The fastest time on record for 100 yards' running is 9¼ seconds, made by Harry Bethune, at Sioux Falls, Dakota, August 29, 1888, in a race with G. Raymond.

M. J., Latonia, Ky.—T. Sanders, who is riding in England, is an Australian jockey. Sanders is Australian born, having first seen the light in a little town about forty miles from Melbourne.

M. D. B., San Jose, Cal.—On Aug. 19 Ling Mercadier and Frank Buder swam from Alton, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo., 20 miles. Mercadier won in 5 hours. Buder covered 17½ miles in 4 hours 28 minutes.

M. W., Boston.—Jake Kilrain will meet any challenger for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, if forfeit is put up and the challenger agrees to battle according to the rules governing the championship.

DOUGALL & Co., Newsdealers, Lynchburg, Va.—There are now more jockeys than can find employment. To gain a mount a jockey must be experienced and have a good reputation. Correspond with Alfred and Wm. Lakeland or Wm. Daly, Brighton Beach race course, N. Y.

TURFITE, Cincinnati.—The following are the winners of the Excelsior stakes at Saratoga: 1879—Glidelia, in 1:20. 1880—Thora, in 1:17¼. 1881—Tuscaloosa, in 1:16. 1882—Geo. Kinney, in 1:15. 1883—Welcher, in 1:18¾. 1884—Telle Doe, in 1:16. 1885—Kirkman, in 1:17. 1886—Connemara, in 1:17¾. 1887—Emperor of Norfolk, in 1:19½. 1888—Gypsy Queen, in 1:16½.

M. J., San Francisco.—It is estimated that at Sheepshead Bay, the day the Futurity stakes was run, that $1,200,000 was wagered on the different events. For the Futurity a total of 2,456 $5 straight tickets were sold, of which 962 were on Proctor Knott, and 3,354 $5 place tickets, of which 788 were on the winner, and 373 on Salvator. The total number of tickets sold on all the races footed up to 22,107, representing $110,535.

R. W. C., Pottsville, Pa.—There were thirty-two heats trotted and eleven paced at the Utica Grand Circuit meeting. The heats trotted averaged 2:23⅜, and the heats paced 2:20 7-11. The average time for the meeting was 2:22¾. At Poughkeepsie there were thirty-three heats trotted and seven paced. The average time made by the trotters was 2:21 2-3, and by the pacers about 2:20½. The average time for the meeting was 2:21½.

D. A., Dublin, Ireland.—William J. M. Barry, of the Queen's College Athletic Club of Cork, Ireland, holds the world's championship in throwing the 16-pound hammer. At the Manhattan Club's grounds, New York, on July 29, Barry made a record of 122 feet 6½ inches, which gave him the championship. At the same grounds on August 12, Barry succeeded in putting the hammer on his fifth throw the unprecedented distance of 129 feet 3¼ inches.

H. A. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—The winners of the Criterion stakes at Monmouth: 1879—G. L. Lorillard's Sensation, 115, 1:22. 1880—P. Lorillard's Barret, 115, 1:15½. 1881—P. Lorillard's Wyoming, 107, 1:16. 1882—A. J. Cassatt's Fairfield, 103, 1:17¾. 1883—G. L. Lorillard's Louisette, 112, 1:16½. 1884—Clipsiana stable's Goano, 115, 1:15¾. 1885—Melbourne stable's Pure Rye, 109, 1:19. 1886—J. B. Haggin's Melton, 108, 1:18¾. 1887—G. B. Morris' Specialty, 112, 1:18¾. 1888—S. S. Brown's br. f. Senorita.

T. A., Booneville, Ky.—The great canon of the Arkansas is on the Denver & Rio Grande line. Its summit level is attained at Marshall Pass, over 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; and to reach this the Grand Canon of the Arkansas has to be passed through. This culminates in the Royal Gorge, which is one of the wildest defiles in the West, and the train runs through it on the very brink of the brawling Arkansas (pronounced Ar-kansaw), threading its way between magnificent rocks, which tower above at heights ranging from 1,000 feet to 2,000 feet high.

D. A., Chicago.—The largest building and public hall (excepting only Madison Square Garden) in New York city is situated on the north side of East 107th street, between Fourth and Lexington avenues. The building is of brick, having a frontage of 350 feet on East 107th street by a width of 100 feet. There are five modes of ingress and egress on 107th street, so that 15,000 persons (for of such capacity is the structure) can leave the building within 3 minutes. A gallery runs all round the interior of the building. There are ample offices and the ventilation is complete.

R. W., Kansas City.—Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, can be matched against any man in the world for any amount from $2,500 to $10,000 a side and the championship. Kilrain is the champion, and it is not his place to issue challenges; but he must accept all *bona fide* challenges—that is, challenges accompanied by a deposit. Any challenge issued through the New York *Clipper*, with $500 or $1,000 deposit, to battle according to London rules, we are certain will be accepted, and the challenger's money covered. Challenges published to the champion in the daily newspapers for the benefit of some sporting man who keeps a saloon, are not worth Kilrain's notice. This also answers J. W., St. Louis; M. D., Boston, and S. W., Detroit.

M. W. S., Burlington, Ia.—The trotting horse Jack, the winner of the $10,000 trotting race at Rochester, N. Y., last week, is a native of Michigan. He was foaled at Battle Creek, in that State, in May, 1883. He was bred by Walter Clark, the owner of his sire, Pilot Medium. Jack's paternal grandsire was the famous Happy Medium, which led the list of 2:30 producers last year, and died last January at the age of 25. Pilot Medium's dam was the great brood mare Tackey, a daughter of Pilot, Jr., from the loins of which came the dams of Maud S., Jay-Eye-See and a host of others with records below 2:30. From his sire's side of the house Jack has thus inherited speed of the first water.

R. D., Boston; M. J., Toledo, and S. W., Albany, N. Y.—The great race between the renowned Cunard liner Umbria, under the command of Captain McMicken, and the new Inman clipper City of New York, commanded by Captain Frederick Watkins, has terminated in a decisive victory for the Cunarder, which steamship, with her huge red funnels towering above her bulwarks, raced past the signal station at Browhead on Aug. 25, at 4:13 A. M.—The following is an extract from the log: Aug. 18, 4 P. M., Sandy Hook was abeam; proceeded full speed at 4:15 P. M. 19—Wind W., moderate, 444 knots. 20—Wind S. W to N. W., light, 430. 21—Wind N. W., moderate, 445. 22—Wind N. W., fresh gale, 441. 23—Wind W. N. W. to N. W., fresh gale and squally, 438. 24—Wind N. W., moderate gale, 436. 25—Arrived at Queenstown at 7:30 A. M.; total 2,683 knots.

J. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. The George Siddons you refer to died several years ago. The George Siddons of Illinois is another pugilist, and no relation to the one you refer to. 2. George Siddons, the feather-weight champion of Illinois, has defeated Bob Ferguson, of Philadelphia; Bob Robinson, St. Louis; Pierce Murphy, St. Louis, who fought draws with Danforth and Tommy Warren; Ed Fault and Butch Meezy, of Alton, Ill.; Bill Brodie, Chicago, at Park theatre; Link Pope, Streator, Ill., who is trainer and second of Billy Myers; Charles Hawkins, Arthur Majesty, Dan Delany and Ira Dudley, Peoria, Ill.; Dan Murray and Duffy, of New Orleans; Ed Huxley, of Philadelphia, ex-champion lightweight of Pennsylvania; Bart Shea and Tommie Burke, a champion of the Pacific Slope; Billy Rhodes, of Duluth, champion light-weight of Wisconsin; fought a draw with and knocked out Johnny Connors, of Philadelphia.

M. W. C., Portland, Ore.—Single-stick is a form of sport that has almost entirely disappeared, but it was formerly one of the favorite amusements, especially in rural districts. About fifty years ago there was a notable single-stick player in Wiltshire, England, named Maurice Pope, who, however, was as noted for his merciless brutality with that formidable weapon as he was for his skill. On one occasion, after defeating all competitors in a match that had been made, a young gypsy stepped forward and said he would like to have a try with him. The youth had no chance against the champion, and in the insolence of victory Pope took a cruel advantage of his superiority. According to the rules of the game, he might at once have finished the contest by drawing blood from the youth's head, which constituted a defeat; but he kept whipping him around the ring until the cries of indignation from the bystanders compelled him to put an end to his vicious amusement.

MAXEY COBB, Cleveland, O.—1. No. 2. The following is a condensed history of the Charter Oak $10,000 Guaranteed stake from its initiation to the present year: 1883, Director—Fanny Witherspoon second heat, Wilson first heat, Clemmie G., Phallas, J. B. Thomas, Adele Gould and Overman; time, 2:17½, 2:17, 2:20, 2:18, 2:19¼. 1884, Harry Wilkes—King Almont first heat, Maud Messenger, Captain Emmons, Phil Thompson, Adelaide and Felix; time, 2:21¼, 2:17, 2:19½, 2:21¾. 1886, Joe Davis—Adelaide third and fifth heats, Kenilworth fourth and sixth heats (7 dis.), Judge Davis, Felix, Tucker, Windsor M., William Arthur and Jerome Turner (5 dr.); time, 2:18½, 2:19, 2:22, 2:22½, 2:20, 2:20½, 2:23¾. 1886, Oliver K.—Belle F. first and second heats, Prince Wilkes, Kenilworth and Bonnie McGregor; time, 2:15¾, 2:15¼, 2:16¼, 2:16¼, 2:18. 1887, Patron—Prince Wilkes, Loretta F., Astral, Myrtle and Dan (3 dis.); time, 2:17¾, 2:17, 2:18. 1888, Stafford—Kit Curry second heat, T. T. S., White Stockings, Thornless, Guy (1 dis.), Pilot Knox (1 dis.); time, 2:18¾, 2:19¼, 2:19¼, 2:18¾.

D. W. C., Toledo; R. W. B., Harrisburg; M. S. T., Rochester.—Prince Wilkes is by Red Wilkes, one of the greatest speed-transmitting sons of George Wilkes, and his dam is a daughter of Brown Chief. He is only seven years old, having in three years trotted from the ranks to a generalship in the army of trotters. On October 21, 1885, he won the Blue Grass stake for four-year-olds, defeating C. F. Clay and Novelty in 2:29, 2:28½ and 2:27. The race was won easily in straight heats. On August 16, 1886, he won the 2:27 class at Utica. Georgie W. placed the first heat to her own credit in 2:25¼, Prince Wilkes winning the next three in 2:23½, 2:25 and 2:24¼. At Albany, in the same class, on August 25, he won again in the second, third and fourth heats, in 2:20¼, 2:23¼ and 2:22. Georgie W. won the first heat in 2:23¼. At Rochester he won in the same class in the first, second and fourth heats in 2:22¼, 2:20¼ and 2:21¼, Electric winning the third heat in 2:24. At Hartford he trotted in the $10,000 stake, which was won by Oliver K., and trotted second to the winner in the third, fourth and fifth heats, which were trotted in 2:16¼, 2:16¼ and 2:18. Prince Wilkes commenced his victorious career in 1887 by winning in the 2:21 class at Utica, N. Y., on August 16. He reeled the race off in straight heats in 2:19, 2:20¼ and 2:20¼, defeating Judge Davis, Garnet and Marvel. At Albany, N. Y., he won in the same class. Alroy took the first heat in 2:26¼, Prince Wilkes winning the next three in 2:26, 2:25¼ and 2:24¼. At Springfield, Mass., he also won in the 2:21 class, defeating Skylight Pilot in straight heats, the time being 2:23, 2:19¾ and 2:20. At Lexington, Ky., on October 12, he showed how fast he could go in the free-for-all trotting class by putting in three straight heats in 2:16, 2:17¾ and 2:16½. Belle Hamlin was second in each heat. At the St. Louis Fair he won the free-for-all purse of $2,500, having behind him Harry Wilkes, J. Q. and Chanter. The time was 2:17, 2:20 and 2:18. At the Detroit autumn meeting he placed the 2:18 class to his credit in 2:21½ and 2:18½. Lowland Girl, Rosaline Wilkes and Loretta F. were in the field. In the $10,000 stake at Hartford, Conn., he trotted second in each heat to the mighty Patron. The winner's time was 2:17¾, 2:17 and 2:18. Prince Wilkes opened the present season by winning the $3,000 special at Detroit. His opponent was the fast and erratic Guy, which won the first and second heats in 2:17¾ and 2:16½, the Prince winning the next three heats and the race in 2:17¾, 2:34½ and 2:20½. At the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting his only opponent was Rosaline Wilkes. The contest was keen, and the noble mare made a grand effort to win the prize. She won the first heat in 2:15¾, but the invincible Prince captured the next three in 2:14¾, 2:15¾ and 2:21¾. At Buffalo he met Guy and Rosaline Wilkes, but the judges indulged Guy's peculiar habits of scoring, and the result was that he won in straight heats. The Grand Circuit meeting at Rochester found him again at the front. The contest was a $3,000 special, and his antagonist was Rosaline Wilkes. He closed out the engagement in 2:16, 2:17½ and 2:15½. Leaving the Grand Circuit he journeyed westward, and at the meeting of the Northwestern Association of Trotting-Horse Breeders, held at Washington Park, Chicago, he met in a special Clingstone, the old-time demon of the trotting track. But the grand old horse which had been the victor in so many speed encounters in the past had to play second fiddle to the great son of Red Wilkes, which won easily in 2:16, 2:18½ and 2:16¾. Such, in brief, is the turf history of Prince Wilkes, and to judge from present appearances he will yet win more laurels for himself and sire.

SELF-ABUSE, YOUTHFUL ERRORS.
Strange Dreams, Nervous Debility, Weak Back, Lost Manhood. Write for my Electric Belt and Suspensory (sent free on trial). DR. YOUNG, 146 E. 19th St., N. Y.

THE "GAZETTE" BY MAIL.

Do not forget that the POLICE GAZETTE is mailed to any post office in the United States for 13 weeks on receipt of $1.00 at this office.

DANIEL GREEN,

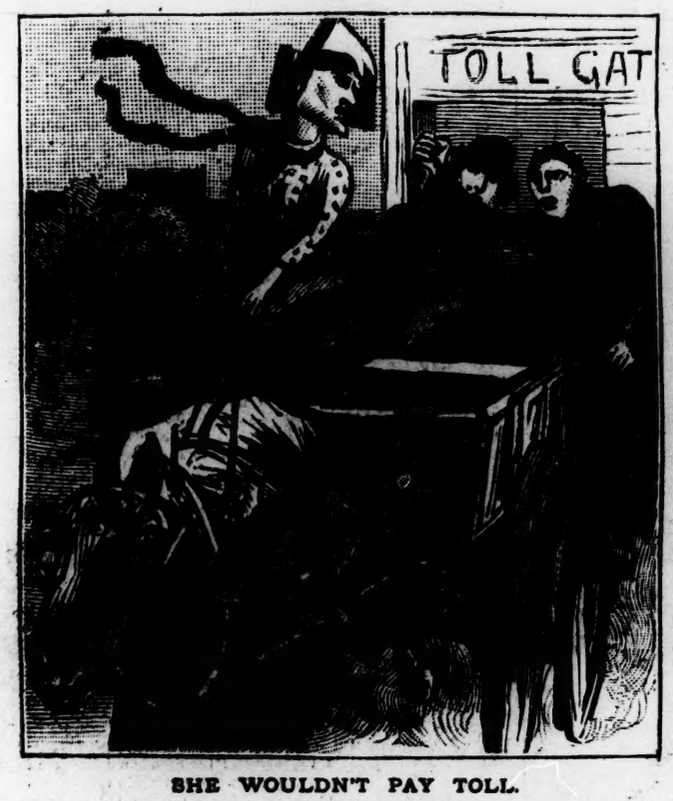
A SUICIDE AND PRINCIPAL IN A TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY AT SAN DIEGO, CAL.

MRS. DANIEL GREEN,

THE VICTIM OF A MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY HER HUSBAND AT SAN DIEGO, CAL.

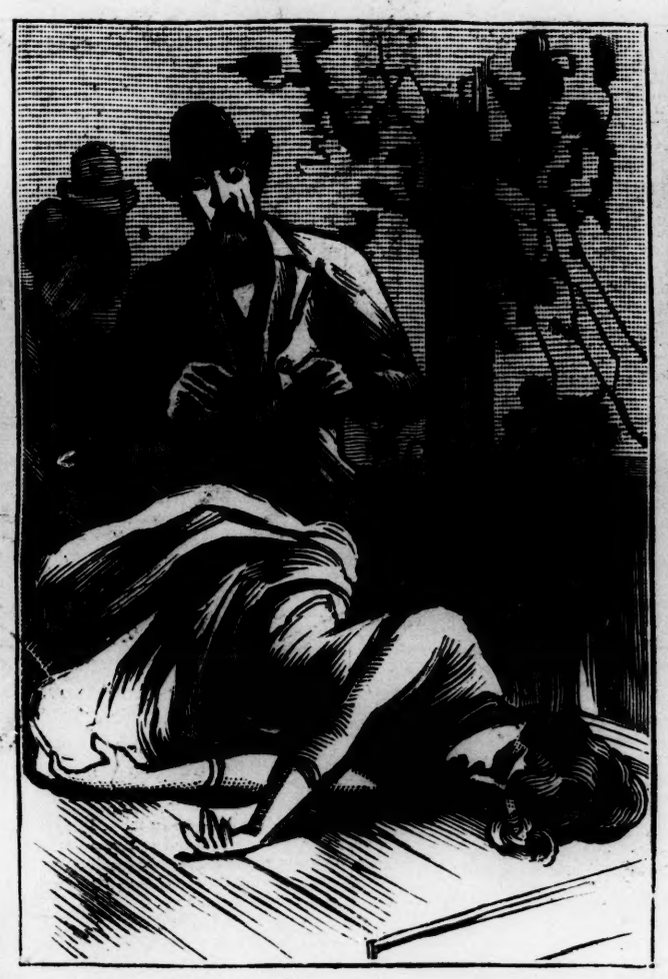
WILSON A. AMES,

OF CHICAGO, ILL., THE MILLIONAIRE PRINCIPAL IN A SPICY DIVORCE SUIT, IMPLICATING AN OMAHA MAN.



SHE WOULDN'T PAY TOLL.

MRS. JANE AUSTIN ATTACKS THE GATE KEEPERS ON THE HIGHWAY NEAR DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

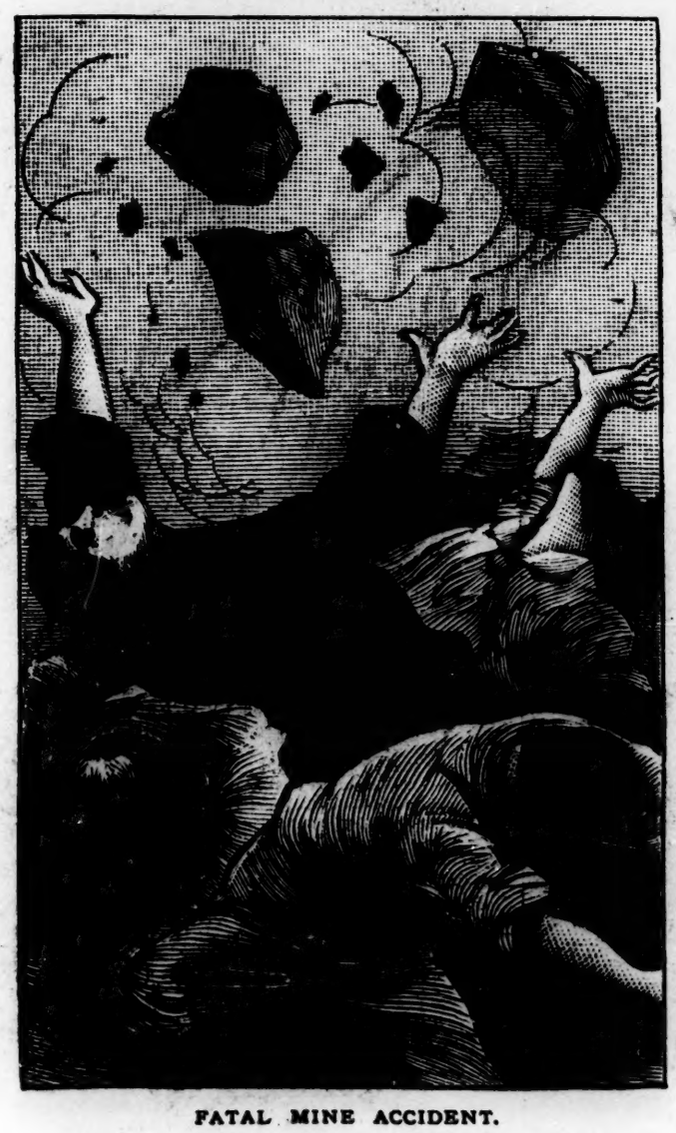


A BULLET HOLE IN HER BREAST.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MISS ADA FLYNN, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF JOHNSTOWN, PA., AT GLASGOW, THAT STATE.

STABBED IN THE DARK.

AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MURDER MRS. JENNIE MARSHALL AT NEWARK, N. J.

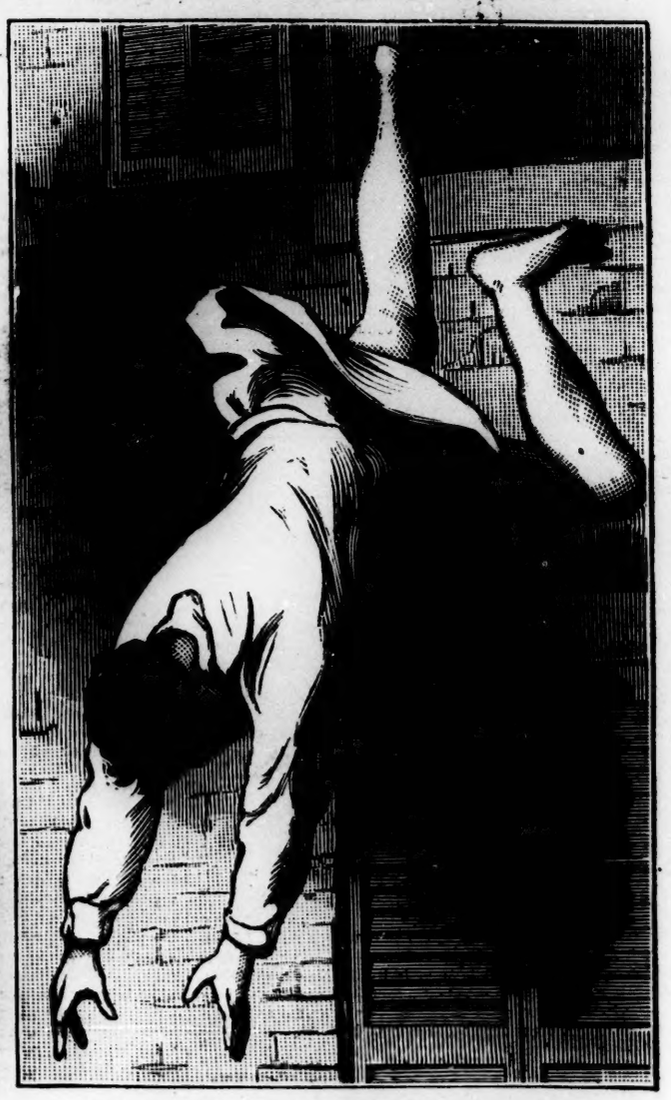


FATAL MINE ACCIDENT.

A PREMATURE EXPLOSION OF A HEAVY BLAST IN WICKES' TUNNEL, BUTTE, MONTANA, KILLS NINE MEN.

AN AWFUL FATE.

WHILE BEING FILLED, A GASOLINE STOVE EXPLODES AT KANSAS, CITY, MO., CAUSING MRS. JAMES LILLIE'S DEATH.



THOUGHT THE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE.

WHILE PANIC STRICKEN S. F. BROWN MAKES A FATAL LEAP FROM A WINDOW AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SHOT HIS FATHER.

HOW JOHN HOWELL OF ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, DIDN'T GET EVEN WITH HIS SON WHO CAUSED HIS ARREST FOR WIFE BEATING.

"THAT IS MY TRICK."

WHILE ABSORBED IN A GAME OF CARDS JOHN BRADY IS SHOT BY AN UNSEEN ASSASSIN NEAR VINCENNES, INDIANA.

A HIDDEN ASSASSIN.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF JOSEPH HOFFMAN AND SHOOTING OF JAMES HOLT, A PROMINENT PLANTER AT BRENHAM, TEX.

YELLOW JACK KILLED THEM.

FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY IN A LONELY DWELLING ON THE JACKSONVILLE AND ST. AUGUSTINE RAILROAD NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE.

ROUGH ON THE FOOTLIGHT FAIRIES.

SEVERAL ACTRESSES AT ST. LOUIS, MO., WHILE RUSHING THE GROWLER, UNEXPECTEDLY GET A HOT BATH.

"WELTER-WEIGHT" LYNCH.

The Crack Flat and Steeplechase Rider, Whose Record Is "A 1."

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M. J. Lynch is one of the best known, all-round riders on the American turf. His career in the pigskin has been very successful, he having won any number of races on the flat and in steeplechases. He is a great favorite at Cedarhurst, where he has figured in many an interesting brush and exciting finish. While not connected with any particular stable, he has ridden for Pierre Lorillard, jr., Alf. and Wm. Lakeland, and other equally well-known proprietors.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A crowd of thirty White Caps made a descent upon a woman named Strunk, keeping a house of ill-fame near Lima, O., at midnight of Wednesday last. They called her to the door, when she appeared with nothing but a chemise covering her, when the crowd caught her, and led her to a kettle of tar, with which she was covered, a coating of feathers being also added. When they had finished she was given twenty-four hours to leave the city, which she promised to do.

JAKE KILRAIN'S PUGILISTIC AND ATHLETIC TRIUMPHS.

[SUBJECT OF DOUBLE PAGE ILLUSTRATION.]

We present in this issue a magnificent double-page engraving illustrative of the pugilistic and athletic career of Jake Kilrain, who holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the world's championship. Sketches of Kilrain's life have been repeatedly published in the GAZETTE, and hence it is not necessary to go into details again in reference to it. Each illustration in the combination will be found sufficiently explicit in itself. The life of Kilrain will shortly be published in book form. Copies may be had on application to this office. Price 25 cents.

SHE WOULDN'T PAY TOLL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Detroit and Saline Plank Road Company, which maintains a gravel road for forty miles west of Detroit, has a way of holding up Detroit people who get caught beyond the gate and making them pay three cents a mile for driving over the city pavements to Fort street. Many people are not inclined to submit to this levying of toll, and they "run" the gate, that is, drive through quickly without paying any toll. Mrs. Jane Austin has been "running" the gate for some time. She tried to do it on Friday, but was held by Gatekeeper Frachier and John Fox. They held her horse until she struck Frachier with a long whalebone whip. Both men then let go and the old lady drove away triumphantly. Frachier was severely cut about the head and face. Mrs. Austin is seventy-eight years old.

THE YELLOW JACK KILLED THEM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Ortgus, the son of a farmer living at Sampson, about five miles from Bayard, which is located on the line of the Jacksonville and St. Augustine Railroad near St. Augustine, had occasion to visit the latter place recently. On nearing the settlement he was attracted by a strong stench emanating from the vicinity of a house supposed to be vacant. Through curiosity he hitched his horse and proceeded to investigate. On reaching the house a ghastly spectacle met his eyes. Stretched upon a couch was the body of a woman, and in the same room were the bodies of five children. They had evidently been dead for several days. The boy, on realizing the horror of the scene, fled precipitately, and mounting his horse, rode back to his home and told the startling story to his parents. As St. Augustine is strictly quarantined against Bayard and that vicinity, the news did not reach here until several days after the occurrence. The country people are horror stricken, and even if it were known that any one was occupying the house it is unlikely that any one of them could have been induced to go near it if he knew this was a case of yellow fever.

THE BALLAST WAS STONES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"My God! I don't want to live! I want to die! I can never see any one again! I did it! My hand held the rudder! I took them out! Oh, God!"

So moaned a man who lay half conscious on the bank of the Hudson river on Wednesday afternoon, while busy hands worked to restore the life that he cared not to save himself.

The river was calm and its surface scarce rippled by the gentle summer breeze, yet beneath were the bodies of the sufferer's child and three of his friends, while in a building close by on the shore lay the body of another from whom life had just gone.

The man who so bitterly mourned was Ralph S. Maugham. His companions, who drowned, were: Lizzie Butler, of Cresskill, N. J.; Abraham J. Demarest, of Cresskill, N. J.; Sylvester Maugham, child, aged four; Lizzie Voorhees, of Tenafly, N. J.; Mayhew Yerrington, of Cresskill, N. J.

They were a picnic party who started from Piermont in the morning for a sail on the river. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while just south of Hastings, the boat gave a lunge and sank into the water. The cause—a leaky bottom and stone ballast.

PRIVATE COYLE'S BRAVERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

ST. PAUL, Minn., September 4.—A party of ladies from this city, visiting the Yellowstone Park, a few days ago, strolled in the vicinity of Old Faithful Geyser, and one, more venturesome than the rest, went dangerously near it. She passed in safety along a narrow ridge which divides a pool of boiling water and peered into the depths of a dangerous crater a few feet distant.

Female curiosity would not be baffled, and the lady approached nearer the forbidden ground, which is a mere crust of limestone and sulphur formation. Suddenly the usual sign was given by Faithful Geyser of its intentions, and the lady tourist, startled by the sound, shrieked and fell backward into the pool of hot water. About ten feet distant the crater yawned in front of her, and in her frantic efforts she was rapidly drifting toward the bottomless pit.

Private Coyle, one of a detail of soldiers on guard at the geyser, bravely sprang into the boiling water to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and, unmindful of the fact that he was being badly scalded, succeeded in saving the tourist and himself, but not without terrible results, as might be inferred.

At the Staten Island Cricket Club, at Livingston, S. I., on September 15, the final encounter in the tournament of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association for the championship of America in doubles was won by Messrs. V. G. Hall and O. S. Campbell. V. G. Hall, one of the champions, is 20 years old and a member of the Columbia College Tennis Club. During the season of '85 he won prizes at the tournaments of the Orange, New Haven, and Yale College clubs. He won the first prize in the singles at the intercollegiate match on the Yale grounds in '86. During the present season he and Campbell won the championship of the New England States in the doubles at the New Haven tournament. He has ranked as the ninth tennis player in the United States, but his new victory will place him further ahead. O. S. Campbell has not been playing tennis much for a few years. He has won prizes at Englewood, Elberon and Wentworth.

"Ishmael; or, In the Depths," is the most fascinating work Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth has ever written. It can be had, beautifully bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, by sending $1.50 to the Philadelphia publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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On Sept. 15, in the Manhattan Athletic Club games, held in this city, A. F. Copeland won the 100-yard final heat in 10 3-8 s. Fred Westing was scratch. C. Gelt came in second. T. P. Conneff ran to beat the two-mile record, made in America by E. C. Carter. It is 9 m. 33 3-8 s. It is capped by George's English record of 9 m. 17½ s. He ran the two miles in 9 m. 44 s. He made the first mile in 4 m. 48 1-5 s. The 1¼ mile record of 6:05½ he beat by 2 4-5 s. He was 11 s. ahead of the 1 1-3 mile record, and 48 3-5 s. ahead of the 1 5-8 mile record. He established the record of 8 m. 32 4-5 s. for 1¾ miles. In throwing the 16-pound hammer F. L. Lambrecht won. He made 102 feet 10 inches. A. F. Copeland won the 120-yards hurdle race in 16 2-5 s. In the running broad jump Z. A. Cooper made 19 feet 6¾ inches. Copeland's jump was 21 ft 6 inches. The 220-yard run was won by J. C. Devereaux in 39 4-5 s. H. M. Banks, Jr. second. R. D. Lange made an attempt to break the half-mile record. He made it in 3 m. 10 s., 7 1-5 s. behind the amateur record. Fred Westing tried to beat the 65-yard record of 7⅛ s., and ran the distance in 7 4-5 s. Z. A. Cooper, with an allowance of forty yards, won the 440 yards run in 53 3-5 s., G. A. S. Wieners second. The 880-yards was won amid great excitement by Conneff from the scratch against a big field with allowances running up to 60 yards. Conneff won easily in 2 m. and 6 s., with F. A. Ware second.

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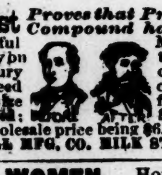

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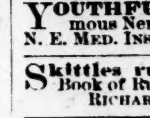

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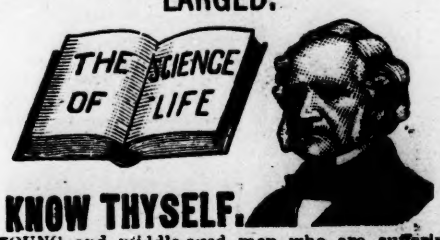

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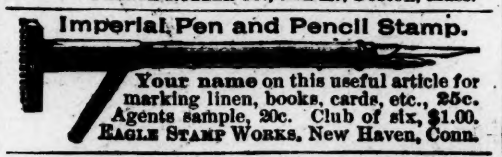

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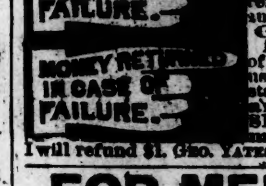

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